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# BLUE BOLT

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VOL. 7 — NO. 10

JACK  
HARMON

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Experience tells us that polio will in all probability be more widespread this summer than it was last, and consequently the calls for assistance from the stricken will be proportionately greater. This makes it of the utmost importance that the 1947 March of Dimes, scheduled for January 15-31, 1947, be an even greater success than the 1946 March of Dimes. We know the children of America can count on you for support in their fight against this crippling disease.

Well, the BLUE BOLT scoreboard is again chock full of facts and figures. "Dick Cole" still leads the pack by a wide margin, with "Edison Bell" and "Fearless Fellers" running neck-and-neck for second place in popularity among the strips. But, based on the amount of favorable comment they have caused, second place really belongs to the Q's and A's.

A wide selection of Q's and A's is not always possible because we are governed by the material which appears on certain given pages. If, for instance, a page contains little dialogue and the scene shows four bare walls, we may be hard put to find a question which will increase the reader's general knowledge or help him in school. We are pleased to learn, however, that most of you find the questions both instructive and entertaining.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have a pen pal in China and I thought I'd write to tell you how much she enjoys BLUE BOLT. She tells me that her friends just about drive her crazy every time the mailman stops at her house. She is American and so are her friends. They have been in China since the war started and they like American comics and books. "Sergeant Spook," "Bluebolts and Nuts," and "Fearless Fellers" are their favorites.

They told me to please ask you to print, in an issue that will soon be published, a picture of each artist. They and I would like to see what the swell artists of this book look like.

Yours faithfully,  
Naomi Wood  
Pleasantville, N. J.

*We'd like to print pictures of our artists, Naomi, but we just don't have the room.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think BLUE BOLT is the best comic book anyone can buy if he or she likes a mixture of adventure and comedy. My favorite strips are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," and "Fearless Fellers." "Krisko and Jasper" is getting too silly for reading. I wish you would substitute a second "Dick Cole" story in place of it. But all in all, BLUE BOLT is number one on my list.

A true reader,  
Edward Wardzala  
Worcester, Mass.

*"Dick Cole" also appears in 4MOST, Edward. 4MOST is published four times per year.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I think BLUE BOLT is tops. The minute the store gets copies of it, everyone in the neighborhood buys one. During the war the kids in our block had a small club, and we would send BLUE BOLT overseas to our relatives. We enjoyed it very much and we know the soldiers did too. Keep 'em coming.

Yours truly,  
Shirley Weyrick  
Peoria, Ill.

*How's the club coming along now, Shirley?*

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT Magazine very much. The main reason I like it is because each story stops in each issue, and you don't have to wait another month to see what happens.

Also, I like the Q's and A's. Some of them come in handy for school. When the teacher asks us a question that has been in BLUE BOLT, all of us fans pop up with the correct answer.

My mother didn't like me to read comics, until one day she picked up one of your issues. She looked through it and found out there's a lot more in comics than she thought. So she said: "If you read BLUE BOLT, I feel better about it."

Thank you,  
Emma Jane Seaborn  
North Cleveland, Tenn.

*Thank you, Emma Jane, for telling us that BLUE BOLT helped to change your mother's impression of comic magazines.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just read the September issue of your magazine. I think it's the best comic on the market. I like "Dick Cole" best, and then comes "Edison Bell." The feature stories are tops and the Q's and A's are an interesting novelty.

About the only story I don't like is "Blue Bolt." The reason I don't like this strip is because it seems so out of place among so many fine stories.

A devoted reader,  
John Leahy  
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

*Just what don't you like about "Blue Bolt," John? Why is this strip out of place? Do you think it is too "grown-up," or that the adventures are impossible? Let's hear more.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

My favorite characters in BLUE BOLT are Dick Cole and Edison Bell. I like Dick because his adventures seem so real to me. I also make Edison Bell's inventions. Sometimes they turn out different.

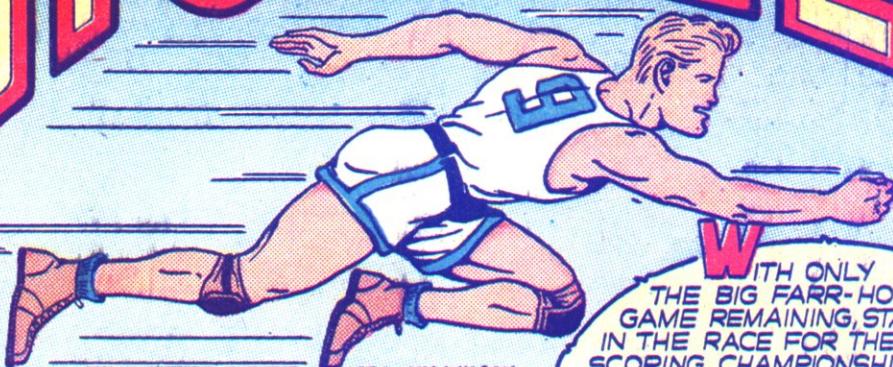
A true reader,  
James Bodie  
Port Reading, N. J.

*You can never tell about inventions, James. Sometimes the "different" ones hit the mark—and the market.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

# DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX

ON THE MORNING OF THE FINAL GAME, CADETS AT FARR GET A RUDE SHOCK!

IT'S RIGHT THERE IN BLACK AND WHITE, BUT I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

COLE MUST BE MONEY-MAD! HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WITH ONLY THE BIG FARR-HOLDEN GAME REMAINING, STANDINGS IN THE RACE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL BASKETBALL LEAGUE ARE AS FOLLOWS...

COLE .... FARR .... 237

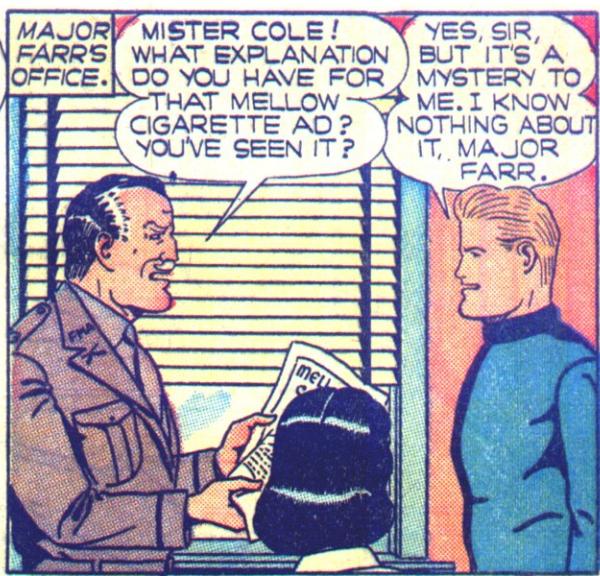
WIMPLE ... HOLDEN ... 231

CHARLES.. WILSON ... 201

PITCH ..... BUCKLER ... 191



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
 Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant  
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 personages.



MR. HODGE HAS JUST INFORMED ME HE PAID YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THAT AD. YOU HAVE COMMERCIALIZED YOUR ATHLETIC ABILITY! ONLY YOUR FINE RECORD IN THE PAST RESTRAINS ME FROM EXPELLING YOU!

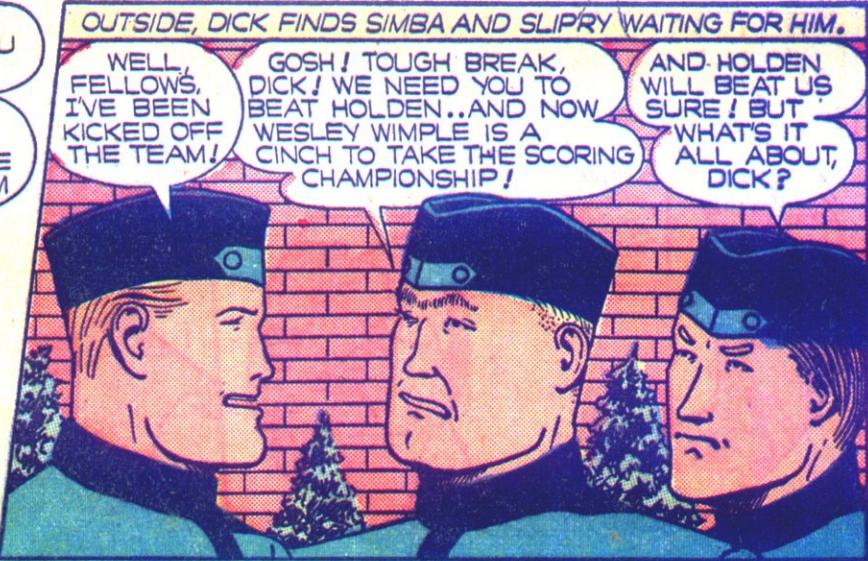
DISMISSED!

OUTSIDE, DICK FINDS SIMBA AND SLIP'RY WAITING FOR HIM.

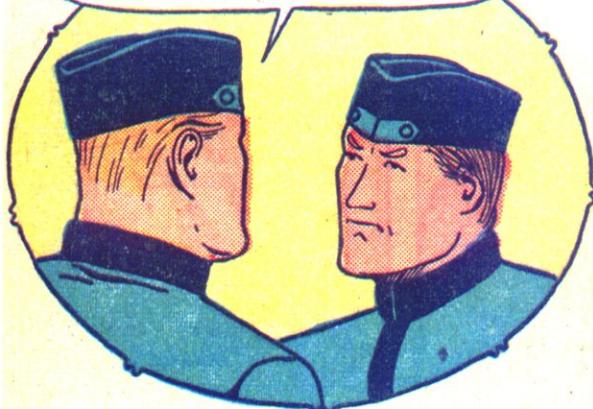
WELL, FELLOWS, I'VE BEEN KICKED OFF THE TEAM!

GOSH! TOUGH BREAK, DICK! WE NEED YOU TO BEAT HOLDEN..AND NOW WESLEY WIMPLE IS A CINCH TO TAKE THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!

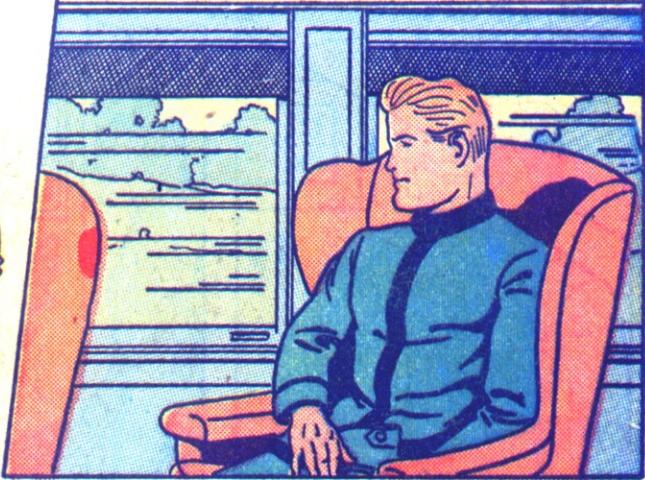
AND HOLDEN WILL BEAT US SURE! BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, DICK?



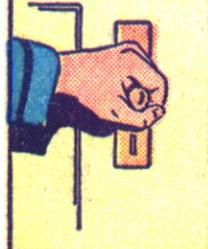
SOMETHING'S PHONY, SLIP'RY! I'LL HAVE TO CUT CLASSES, BUT I'M GOING TO THE HODGE-WIMPLE AGENCY IN BIG CITY AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



BROODING AND BEWILDERED, DICK CATCHES A FAST TRAIN FOR BIG CITY.



ARRIVING AT BIG CITY, DICK HURRIES TO THE OFFICES OF THE HODGE-WIMPLE ADVERTISING AGENCY...



I AM DICK COLE, AND I MUST SEE MR. HODGE.

DICK COLE? GEE WHIZZ! YOU ARE MY FAVORITE ATHLETE! GOSH!

DICK COLE IS HERE TO SEE YOU, MR. HODGE.

DICK COLE? SORRY, I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE HIM.



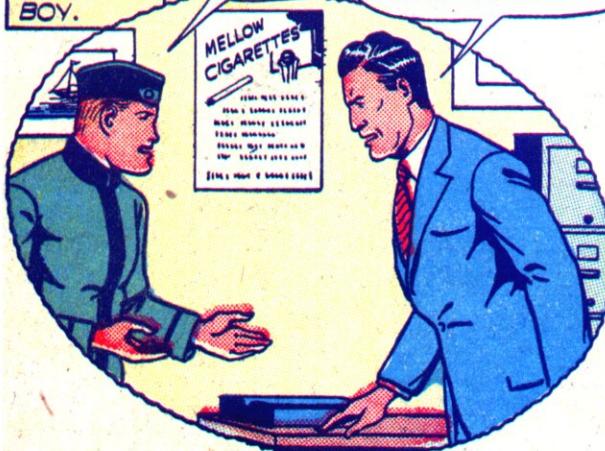
DICK  
BRUSHES  
PAST THE  
OFFICE  
BOY.

PLEASE,  
SIR, ABOUT  
THIS AD...

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN BARGING IN  
HERE? GET OUT OF  
HERE IMMEDIATELY!

BUT, MR.  
HODGE! I **MUST**  
KNOW!

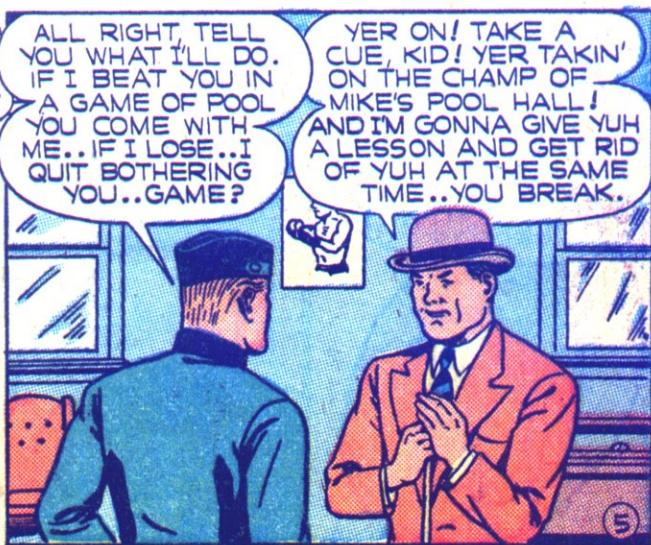
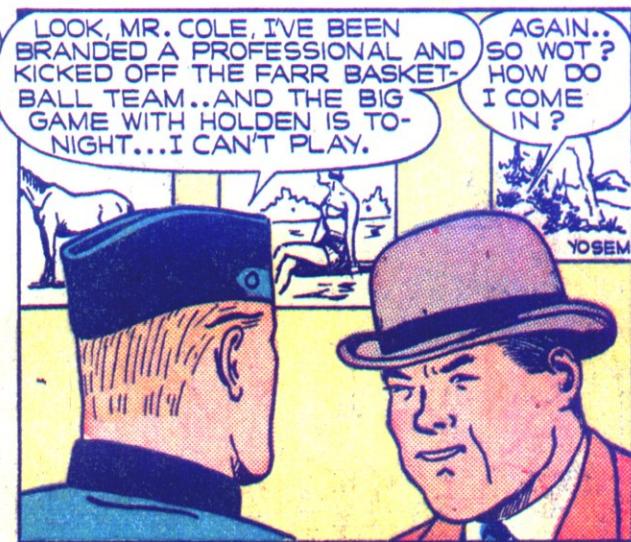
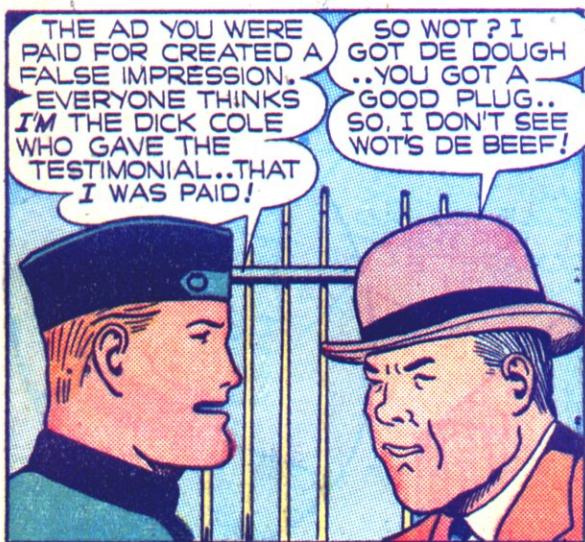
DO YOU LEAVE **NOW**  
OR DO I HAVE TO  
THROW YOU OUT?



DICK, AFTER  
SEVERAL  
INQUIRIES,  
LOCATES  
MIKE'S POOL  
ROOM, ONE  
OF THE  
TOUGHER  
HANG-OUTS  
IN THE  
TOUGHEST  
SECTION  
OF BIG  
CITY.  
INSIDE...



**QUESTION**  
No. 2. **What prizefight did Mike Jacobs stage at one hundred dollars top?**



"MUGS" REMOVES HIS COAT.. DICK BREAKS AND SINKS TWO BALLS.

HEY! WHERE'D YOU LOIN THAT SHOT?

WE HAVE A POOL TABLE IN THE LOUNGE AT FARR. I OFTEN PLAY.

OKAY.. I'M LICKED, FAIR AND SQUARE, AND I ALLERS PAY MY DEBTS. LET'S GO AND SEE HODGE AND GET THIS OVER WITH!

PLAYING SKILFULLY, DICK EASILY DEFEATS 'MUGS'.

HODGE'S OFFICE..

ULP! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

ANNOUNCING DICK COLE.. AND DICK COLE, MR. HODGE.

JUST THIS, MR. HODGE. FIRST GET IN TOUCH WITH MAJOR FARR AND GET ME REINSTATED FOR THE GAME TONIGHT. SECOND, RUN AN AD STATING I AM **NOT** THE DICK COLE YOU PAID FOR THE CIGARETTE AD!



AHEM! I.. UH.. ER, IT SEEMS THERE ARE TWO DICK COLES. HRRMPH.. MOST CONFUSING. BUT IF I PAY YOU TOO FOR THE TESTIMONIAL, THEN EVERYTHING SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT... AGREED?

NO! I DON'T WANT MONEY. I WANT TO BE CLEARED IN TIME FOR THE GAME TONIGHT!

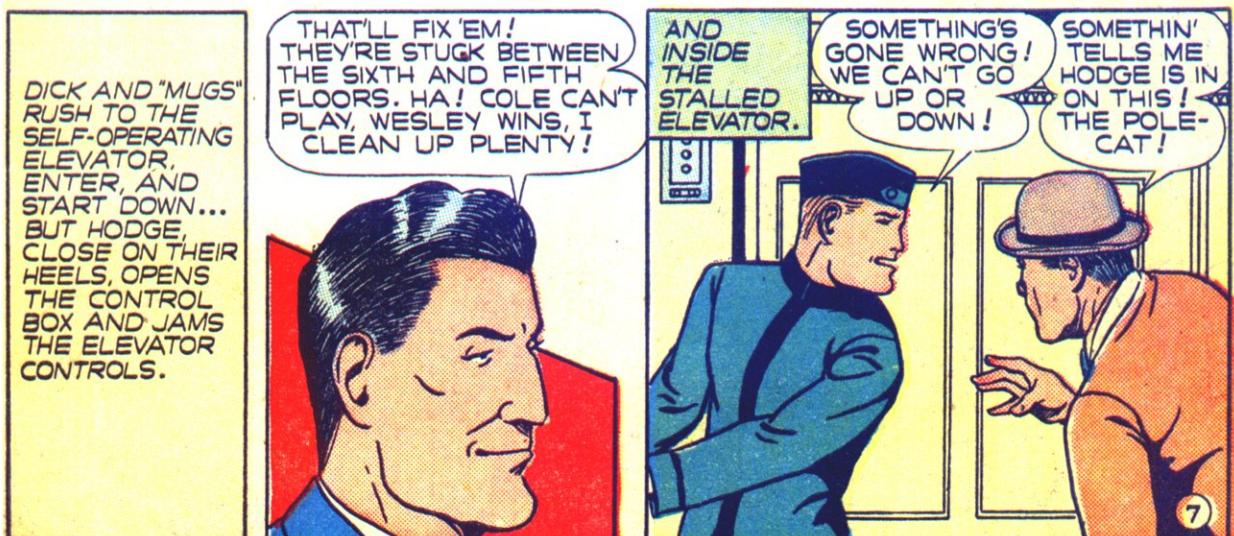
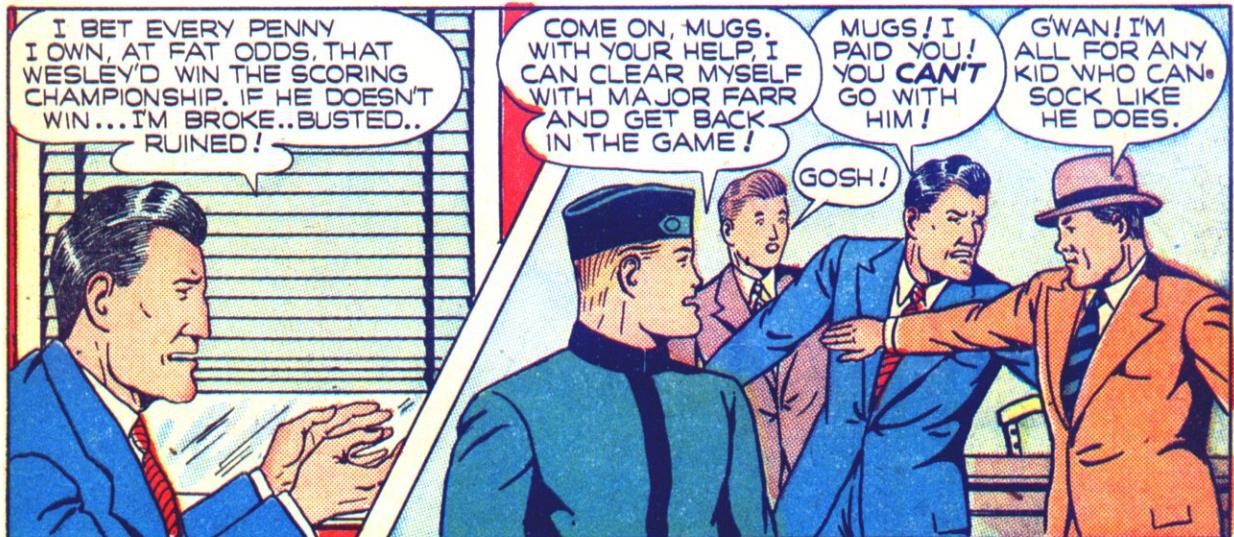
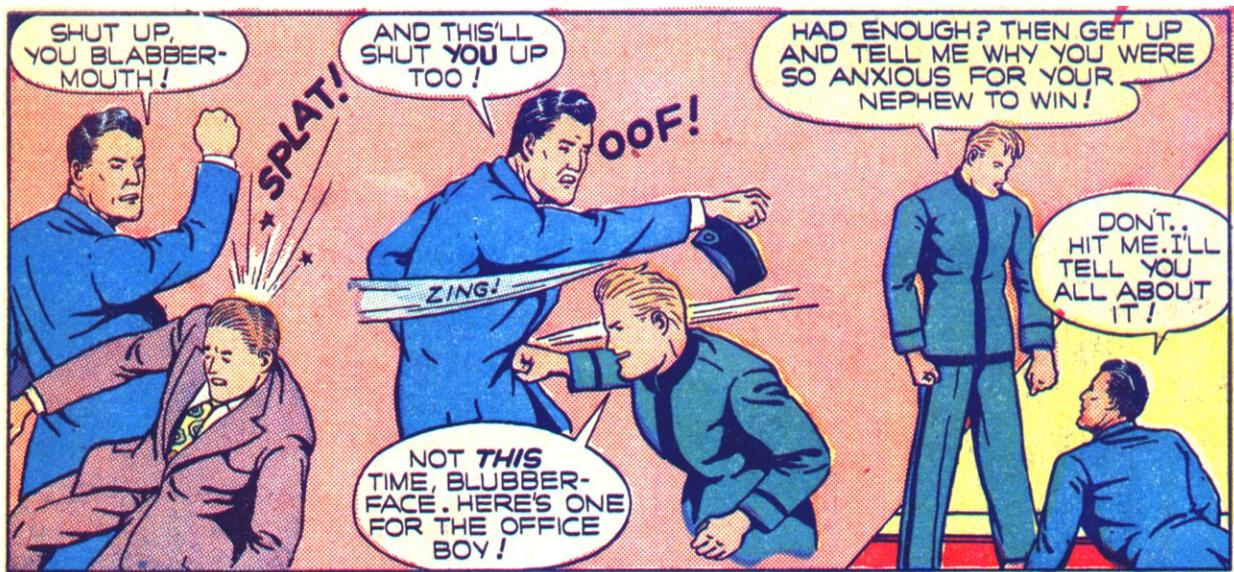
BUT.. HOW CAN I? I ADMIT IT'S, UH.. ER.. A MISTAKE ON MY PART... BUT...

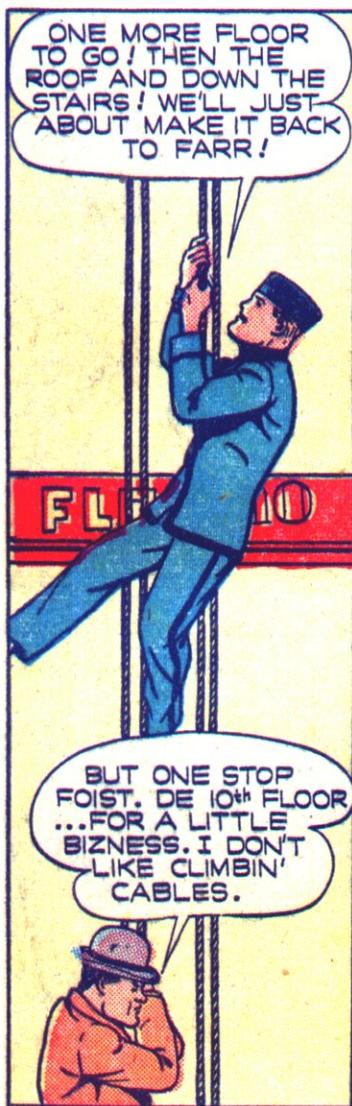
THE OFFICE BOY INTERRUPTS!

DICK! IT IS **NOT** A MISTAKE! WESLEY WIMPLE OF HOLDEN IS HODGE'S NEPHEW. THIS IS ALL A PLOT TO KEEP YOU OUT OF THE GAME SO WESLEY WILL WIN THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP!

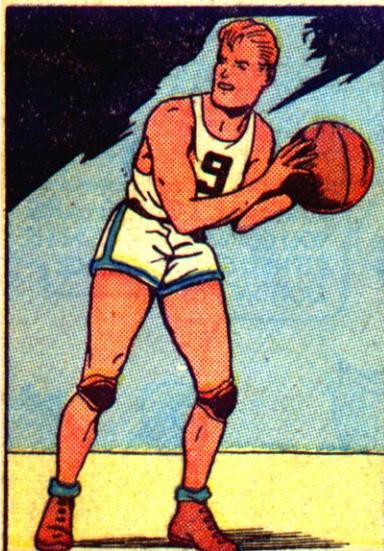
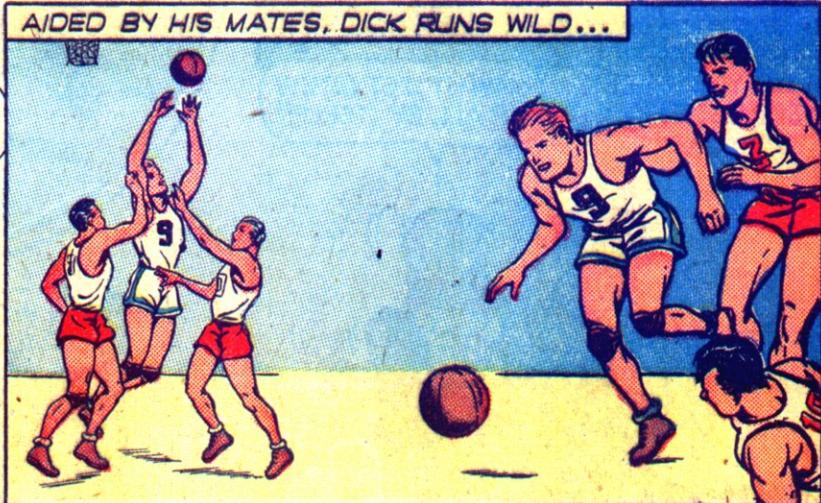


QUESTION No. 3. Is basketball played out of doors at Madison Square Garden?

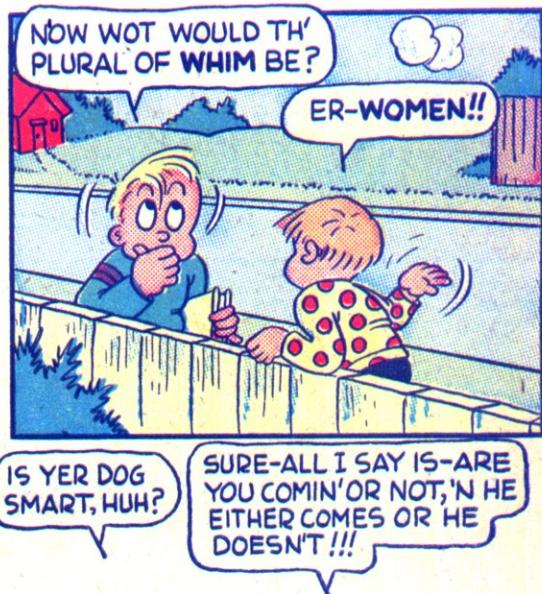
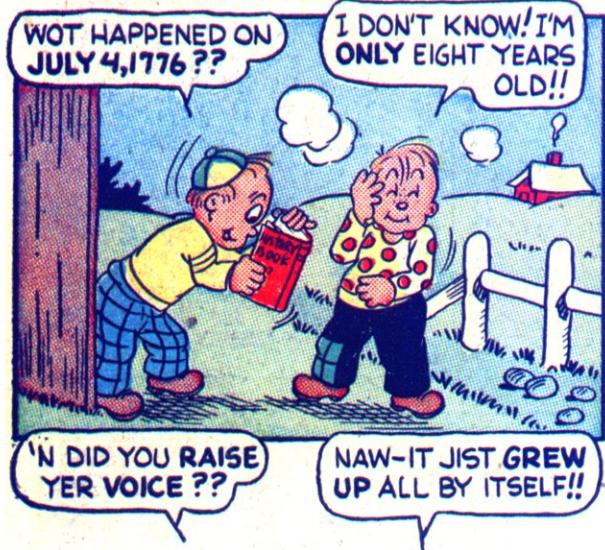




MAJOR FARR HURRIES AWAY TO INFORM DICK THAT HE CAN PLAY. IT IS NEARLY THE END OF THE SECOND QUARTER AND FARR IS LEADING HOLDEN BY A SCORE OF 31 TO 30. WESLEY WIMPLE HAS SCORED 12 OF HOLDEN'S POINTS AND HE NOW LEADS DICK IN THE SCORING CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, BY 6 POINTS.

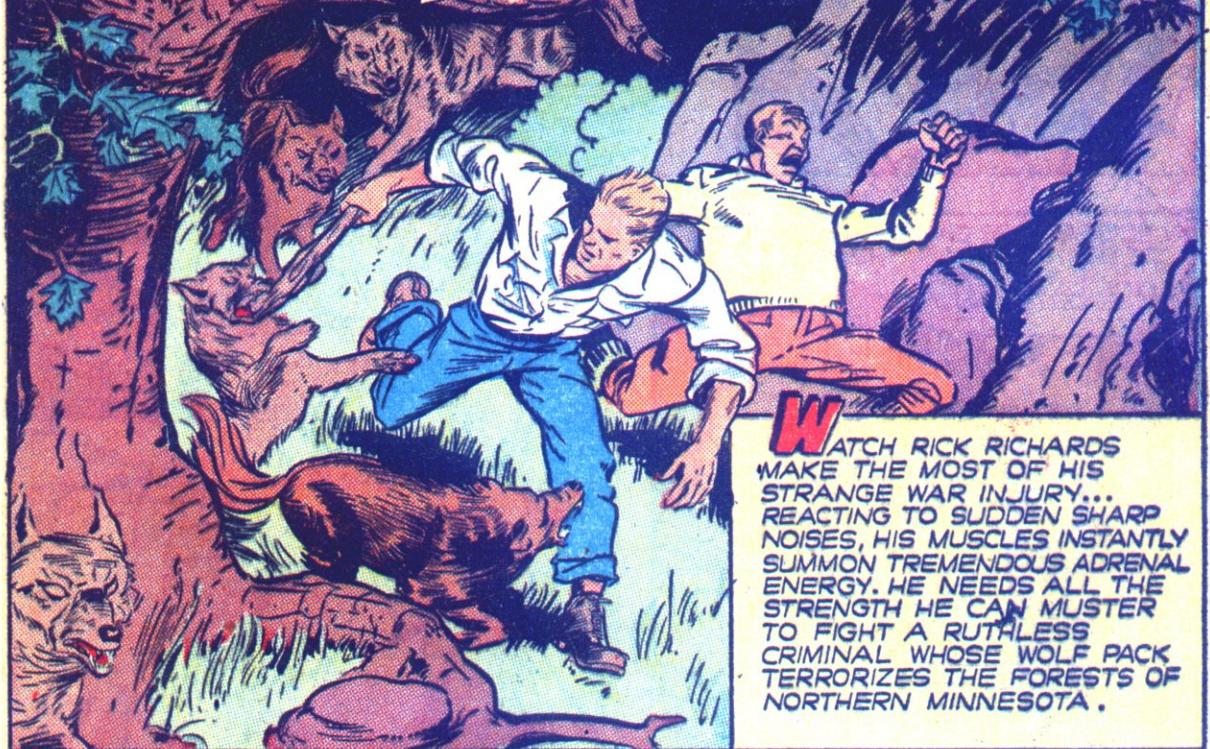


# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS...



Milt Hammer

# RICK Richards



**W**ATCH RICK RICHARDS MAKE THE MOST OF HIS STRANGE WAR INJURY... REACTING TO SUDDEN SHARP NOISES, HIS MUSCLES INSTANTLY SUMMON TREMENDOUS ADRENAL ENERGY. HE NEEDS ALL THE STRENGTH HE CAN MUSTER TO FIGHT A RUTHLESS CRIMINAL WHOSE WOLF PACK TERRORIZES THE FORESTS OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA .

FROM A SUITE HIGH IN THE RICHARDS BUILDING, RICK DIRECTS HIS FAR-FLUNG INTERESTS...

HI, WINDY! STILL ROLLING 'EM IN THE AISLES?

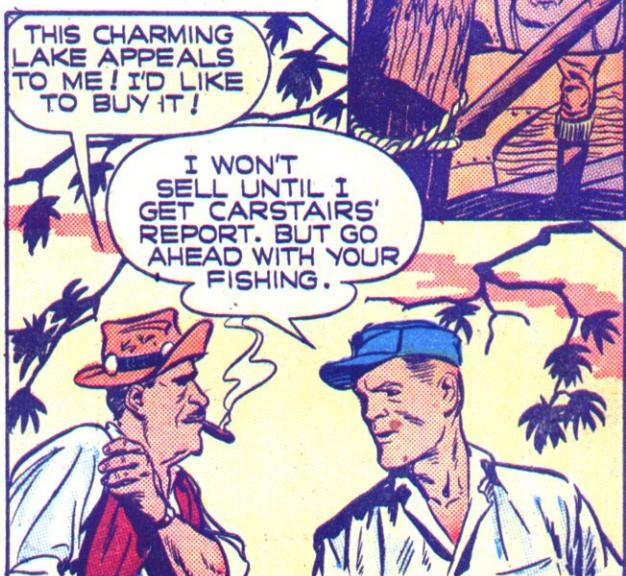
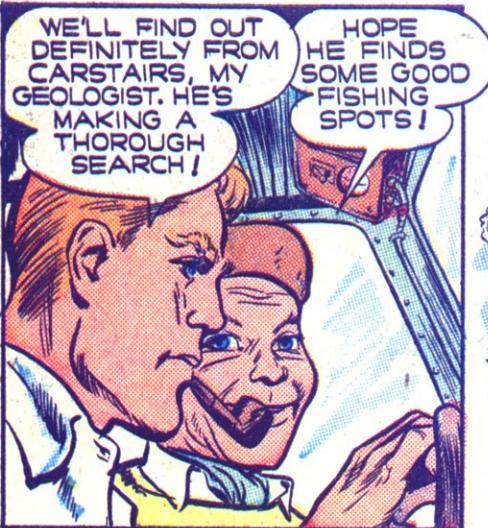
I'M TERRIFIC! BUT I NEED A REST! HOW ABOUT US VISITIN' MOMMA NATURE FOR A COUPLA LAZY DAYS?

GOOD IDEA! I'M FLYING OUT TO MINNESOTA...MAYBE WE CAN SQUEEZE IN SOME FISHING AFTER I FINISH MY BUSINESS!

RICK'S PLANE SOON SPEEDS THEM WESTWARD!

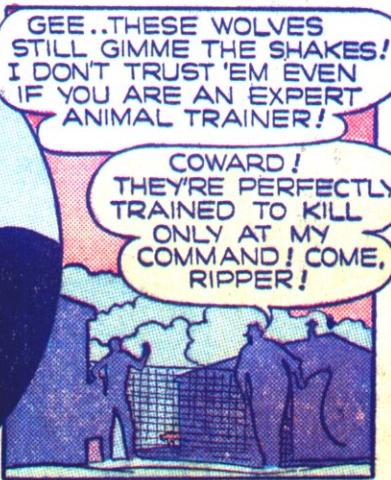
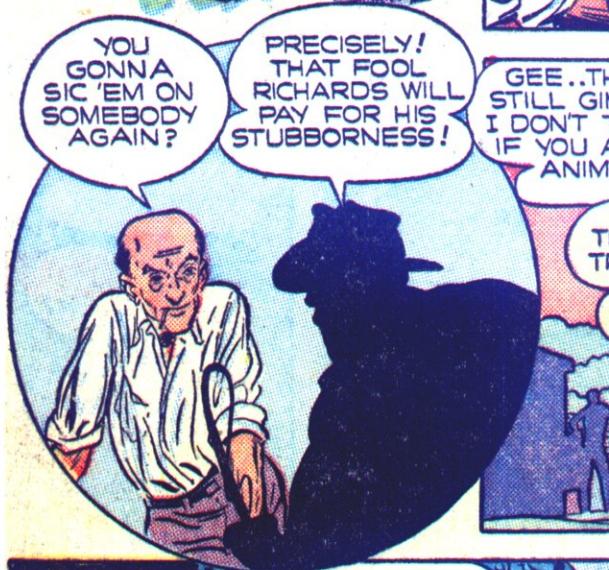
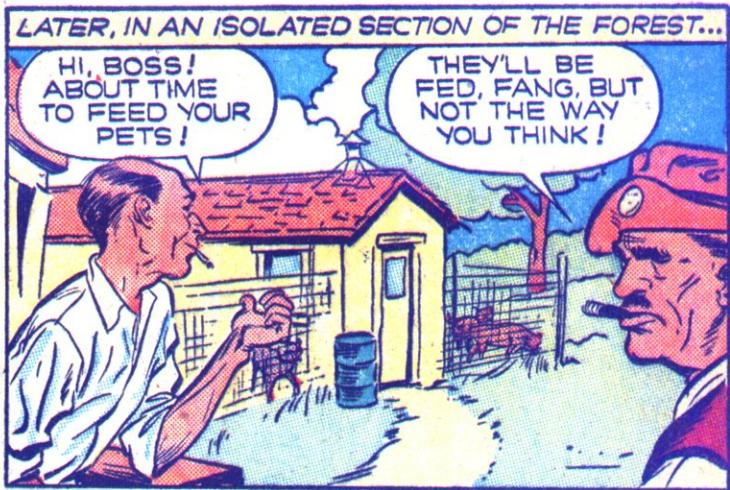
MY PROPERTY IS IN THE HEART OF THE MESABI IRON RANGE, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SPECK OF IRON ORE!

WHAT? HAS RICK THE RICH LOST HIS GOLDEN ..ER... IRON TOUCH?

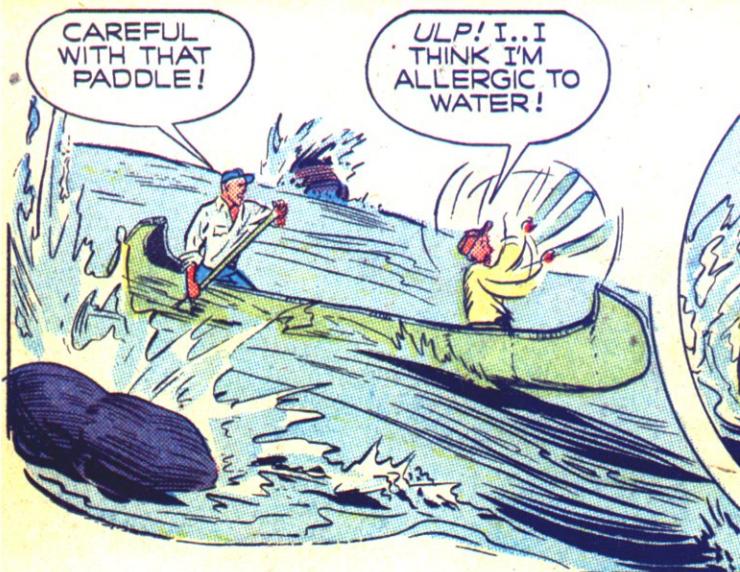


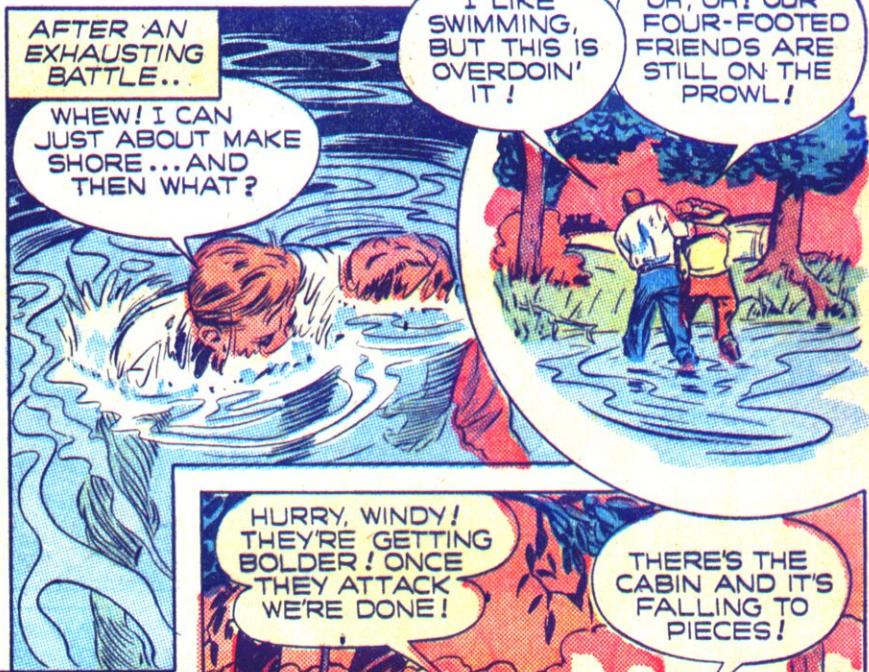
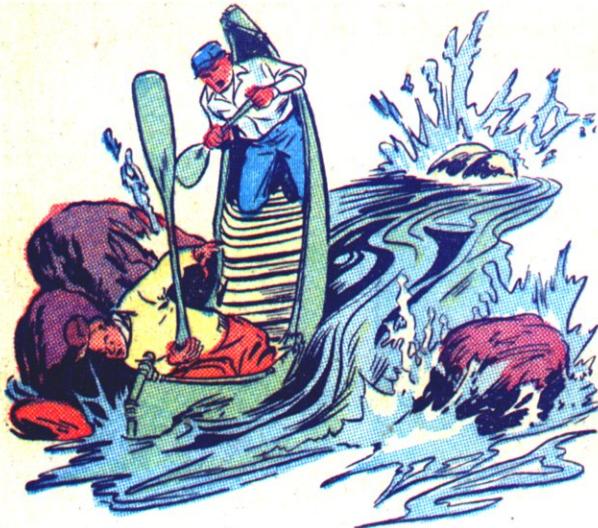
QUESTION No. 5. Who wrote "The Fall of the House of Usher"?



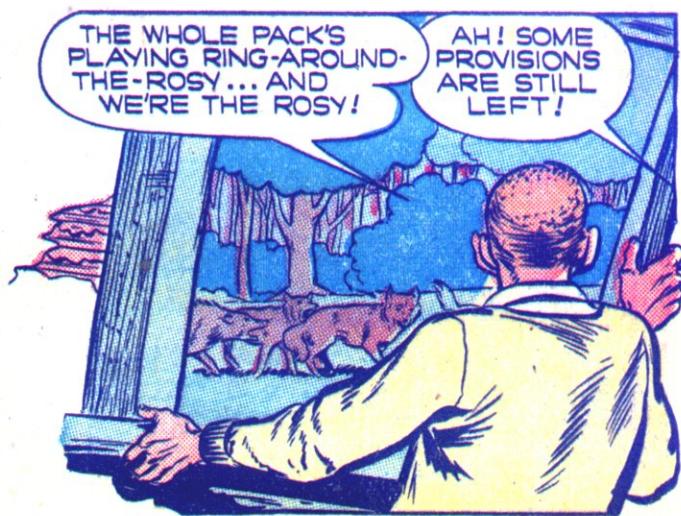


QUESTION No. 6 "On the Trail" is from what piece of music?





QUESTION  
No. 7. Is a cabin cruiser a type of warship?





SOMEBODY ELSE CAN FIND THE REMAINS OF RICHARDS! I'LL GO AHEAD WITH MY PROJECT, AND ACT SURPRISED WHEN THEY BRING IN THE BODIES.

GET RID OF THESE WOLVES! THEIR JOB IS FINISHED! WE START THE PROJECT IMMEDIATELY!

EVERYTHING'S READY TO MOVE IN, BOSS.

MEANWHILE...

GEE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

TOO LATE TO RETURN TO USHER LAKE. WE'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT!



NEXT DAY...

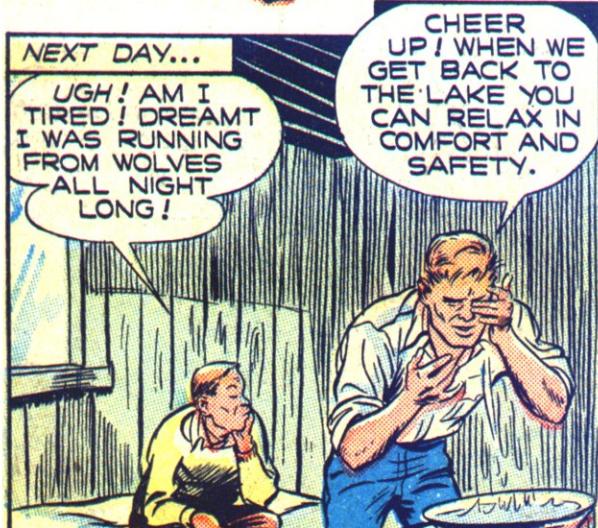
UGH! AM I TIRED! DREAMT I WAS RUNNING FROM WOLVES ALL NIGHT LONG!

CHEER UP! WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE LAKE YOU CAN RELAX IN COMFORT AND SAFETY.

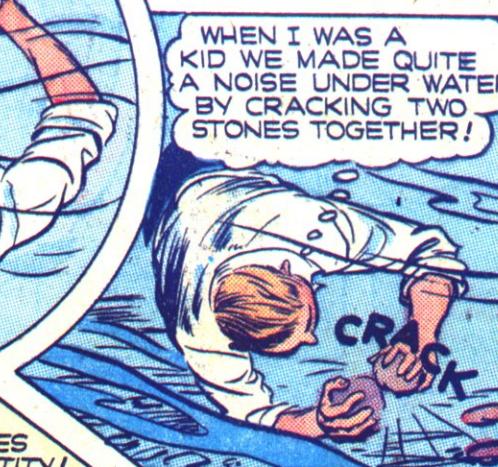
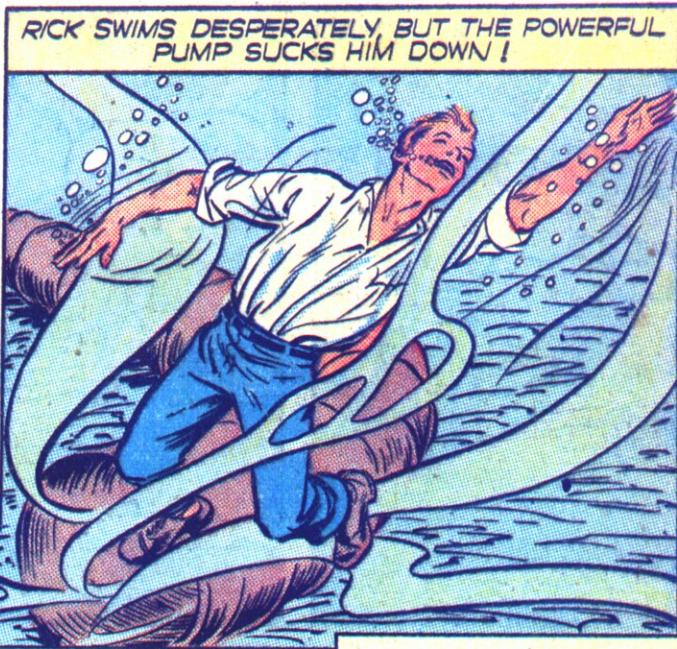
LATER, RICK AND WINDY REACH THE SHORES OF USHER LAKE.

THE WATER LEVEL'S DROPPED MORE THAN TWO FEET!

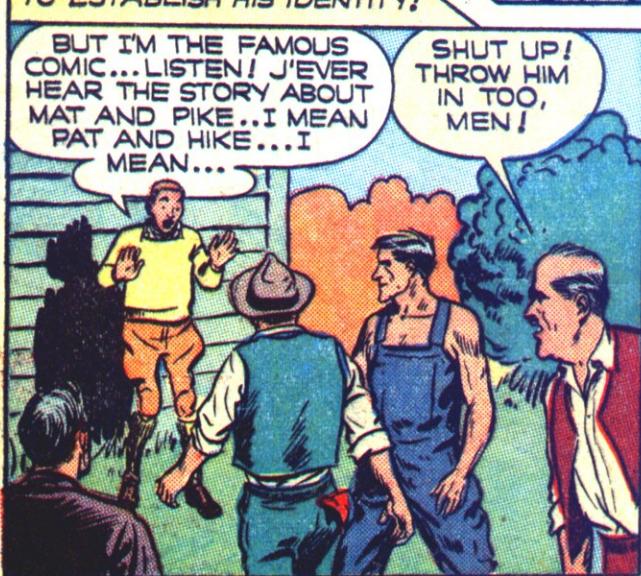
SOMEBODY MUST BE MIGHTY THIRSTY!







AS USUAL THE SHARP NOISE BRINGS ON AN EXTRA-LARGE SHOT OF ADRENAL ENERGY! RICK'S REVIVIFIED MUSCLES SHOOT HIM TO THE SURFACE!

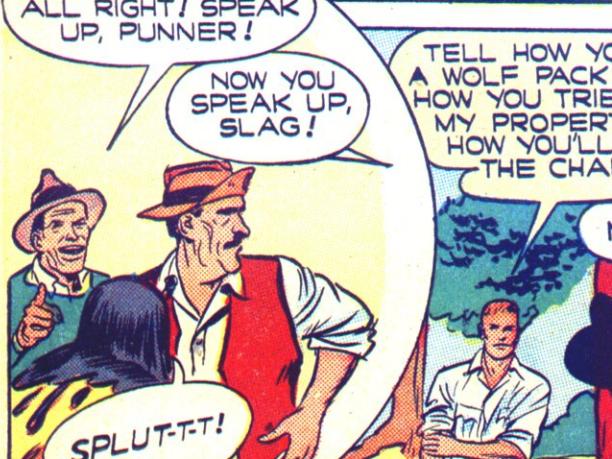


SHUT UP!  
THROW HIM IN TOO,  
MEN!

I...ULP!  
HALP!  
I CAN'T..  
BREATHE!



QUESTION No. 9. Is a surface dive executed from a diving board or platform?



TELL HOW YOU USED  
A WOLF PACK TO KILL,  
HOW YOU TRIED TO STEAL  
MY PROPERTY...AND  
HOW YOU'LL GET  
THE CHAIR!



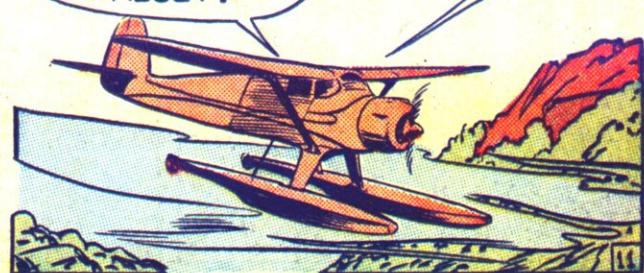
LATER...  
HOMeward  
BOUND...

AN INTERESTING  
FEW DAYS, EH, WINDY?  
NOW THOSE TWO  
CRIMINALS ARE  
IN JAIL, AND WE'VE  
GOT A RICH NEW  
MINE TO WORRY  
ABOUT!

PLOP!

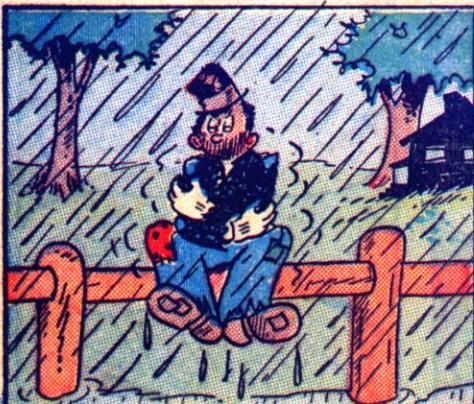
LEMMIE GO! I'LL  
TELL EVERYTHING!  
THERE'S A BIG IRON  
DEPOSIT UNDER  
THE LAKE..THAT'S  
WHY WE'RE DRAINING  
IT, AND...

THIS  
IS A REAL  
PLEASURE!



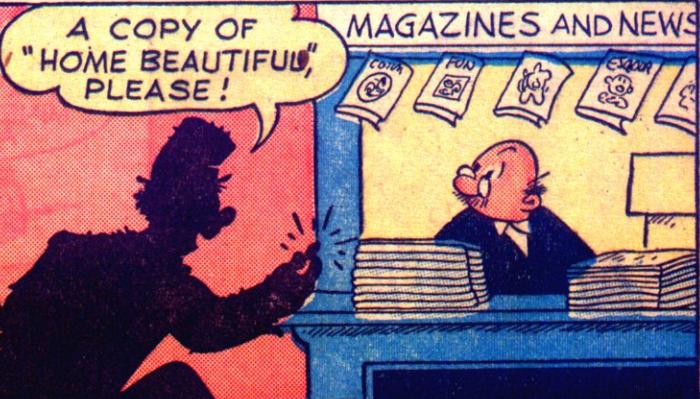
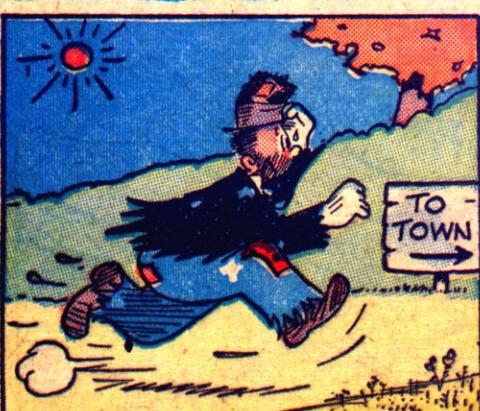
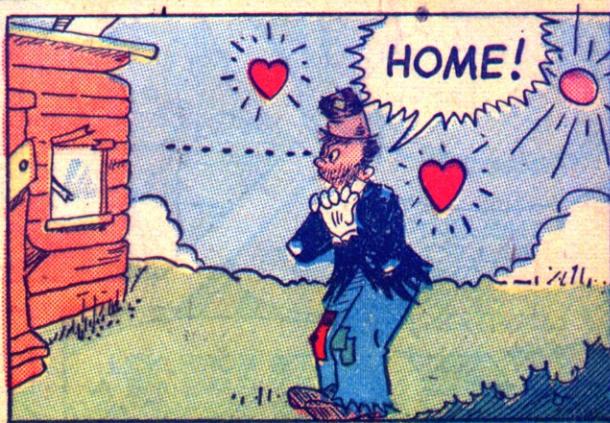
# HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

GET MOVIN'!  
I DON'T ALLOW NO  
LOITERIN' AROUND  
HERE!

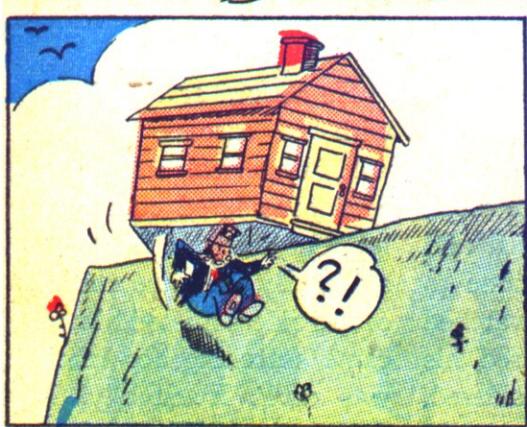
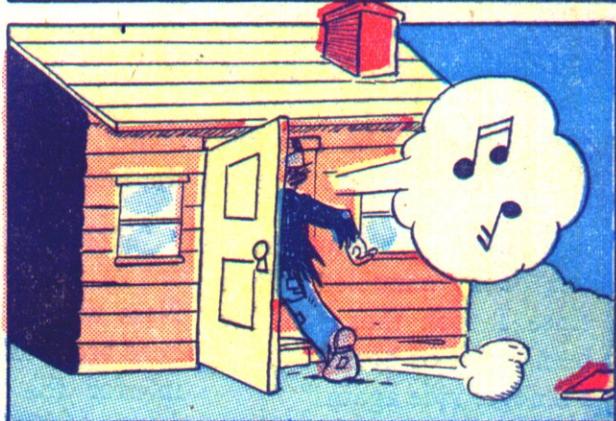
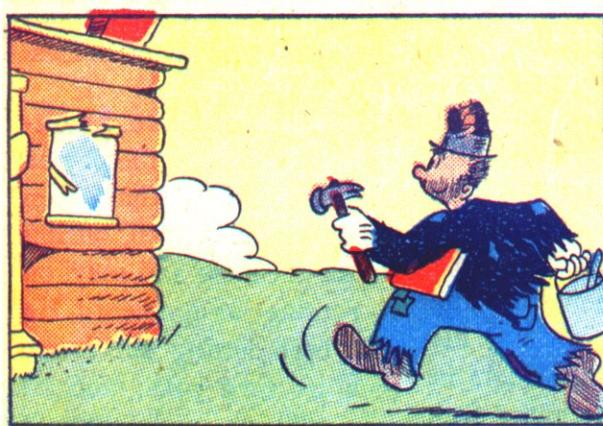
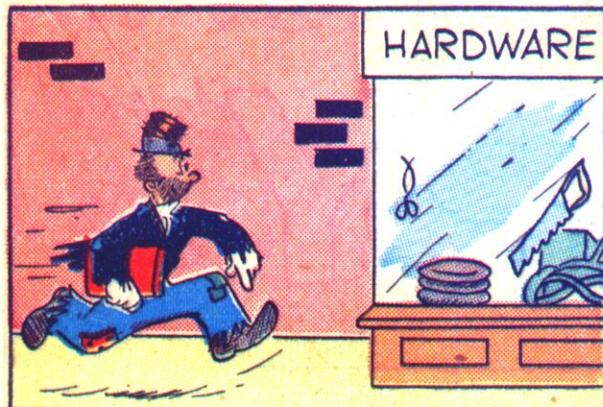


WHY DON'T YOU USE  
THAT OLD SHACK!!  
NOBODY'S BEEN  
THERE FOR YEARS...

GEE,  
THANKS!



QUESTION  
No. 10. Who played the part of Heathcliff in the movie, "Wuthering Heights"?



# GIIMPY

**B**ILLY was limping across the sun-baked ranch yard toward the kitchen when a rider clattered past. Frantically, the boy hobbled toward the safety of the porch, to get away from the menace of the flashing hooves.

A towheaded ranch hand laughed heartily as Billy wiped cold sweat from his brow. "What's the matter, Billy, think he was gonna trample yuh?" He stopped laughing when he saw the agony on the other's face.

"I guess you know, Cotton," Billy mumbled. "Ever since I took that fall I've been scairt of horses! Guess I'll never ride again!"

Cotton watched him go through the kitchen door, and remembered that the limping cook's helper had been a fearless top hand only a few months before.

The cook, a burly and sour-faced individual, looked around from the stove when he heard Billy enter. "Bout time yuh got back, Gimp! Start skinnin' them

spuds. When yuh get that done I'll think of somethin' else!"

Billy gritted his teeth at the nickname but obediently sat down and started peeling the potatoes that were heaped in the bin. He hated the cook but he knew that the cook was just working his resentment against riders in general while he had a former top hand under his control. He was startled out of his reverie when the ranch owner, Tom Ness, entered the kitchen.

"Hold the chow and shuck out of that apron, Cooky!" Ness was in a hurry. "The herd broke loose and is headin' for the brush! They'll scatter from here to breakfast if we don't get 'em rounded up! Billy, you keep an eye on things till we get back!"

Less than a minute later, the crew was mounted and ready to go. Billy came to the doorway and watched them leave. He cursed his luck but then reconsidered. It wasn't his luck, or even his gimp leg, that was to

blame. His leg could stand it, but his nerve was gone; he was scared sick of horses.

As he stood there, he bitterly remembered the day of the accident. He had been riding the cliff trail, sitting the saddle loose and easy, on a routine assignment. He had been letting the horse pick its own path, and he was rolling a smoke when it happened.

There had been a warning rattle from the ledge on the inside of the trail, and the horse jumped. The snake didn't strike, but the horse bucked, right over the edge of the cliff. Billy came to as it was growing dark, with the weight of the dead horse lying across his crushed leg.

He heaved and squirmed, with no success. For one wild hysterical instant, he even considered cutting the leg, but then he passed out again. By the time the rest of the riders missed him and came searching for him, it was dark. Eventually they found him and carried him back to the ranch.

The leg healed slowly, but the scar it left on his memory stayed fresh and raw. He knew that the leg was well enough for him to go back to his riding, but he had used the leg as an alibi and asked the boss to put him to work in the kitchen.

Billy shrugged and went back to the kitchen to work on the potatoes. He worked a while, then hitched around to get more light from the window. Suddenly he glanced at the overcast sky and dashed wildly for the door. It wasn't overcast, it was smoke! A gigantic pall of smoke mushrooming up from the south, fed by a wall of crackling flames at the bottom of the column.

Billy glanced about wildly, uncertainly. The horses in the corral were dashing about, whinnying their alarm. The wind was from the south and, even as he looked again, the blaze was sweeping closer. In less than an hour, the ranch would be a smoking skeleton. It would take a full crew of determined men to save the ranch.

Billy ran for the corral. At least the horses could be given a chance for freedom. He swung the gate open and the horses streamed out, all but the last. Billy saw that it was Star, long a favorite mount before the accident.

Billy flinched as the horse advanced toward him, but the animal only nuzzled his pocket as if to say, "I've missed my sugar, boss!"

Billy snapped his fingers. He glanced around for a saddle and, seeing none, snatched a bridle from the corral fence and threw it around the horse's neck. He mounted an instant later and started for the cliff trail.

They still talk of that breakneck ride. The cliff trail was unsafe even for a walking horse, but Billy took it at a gallop. Star seemed to sense the urgency of the ride because he never slowed. Horse and rider came down the last steep slope at full speed, to the astonishment of Tom Ness, who was directing the roundup. Billy jerked the sweat-coated horse to a sliding halt, directly in front of Ness.

"Prairie fire sweepin' for the ranch, boss! Ain't got much time. . . . See yuh back there!" Billy reined Star around and made for the slope.

Ness snapped orders to Cotton and the crew took off after Billy. They rode comparatively fresh horses, but they were far behind when Billy swung off Star in the ranch yard and ran in the bunk house for blankets.

He had them wetted down when the others thundered up.

Billy led the fight, and they finally turned the flames with the help of the wind, which changed to another quarter. The crew sat down to a late meal that night and when the cook came in the dining room with plates of meat and potatoes, he was cheered by the hungry gang. The cheers changed to guffaws when they saw the colorful shiner adorning his right eye.

"What happened, Cooky? Run into a door?"

"Wash yer face, Cooky! Maybe it'll come off with soap an' water!"

"Thet punk, Gim . . . uh . . . Billy! I tried to put 'im to work an' he swung on me!" The cook was puzzled. "I thought he was my helper, boss?"

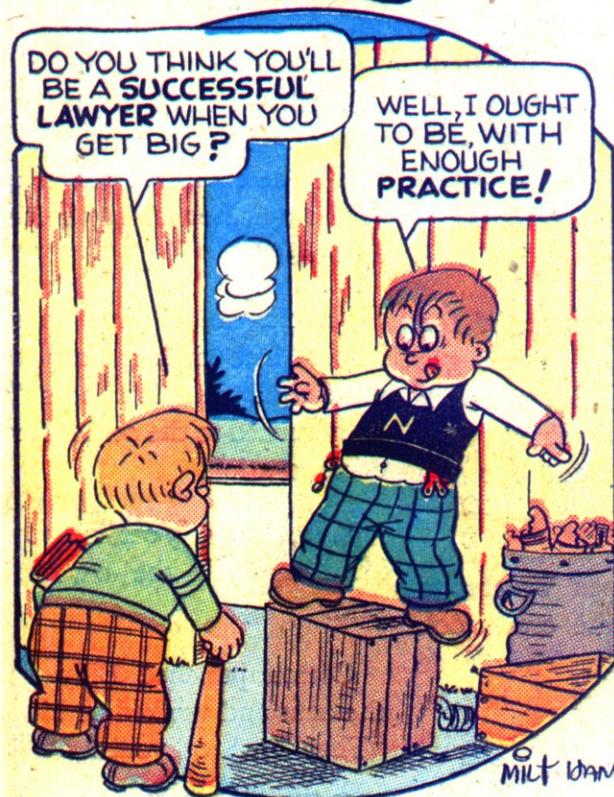
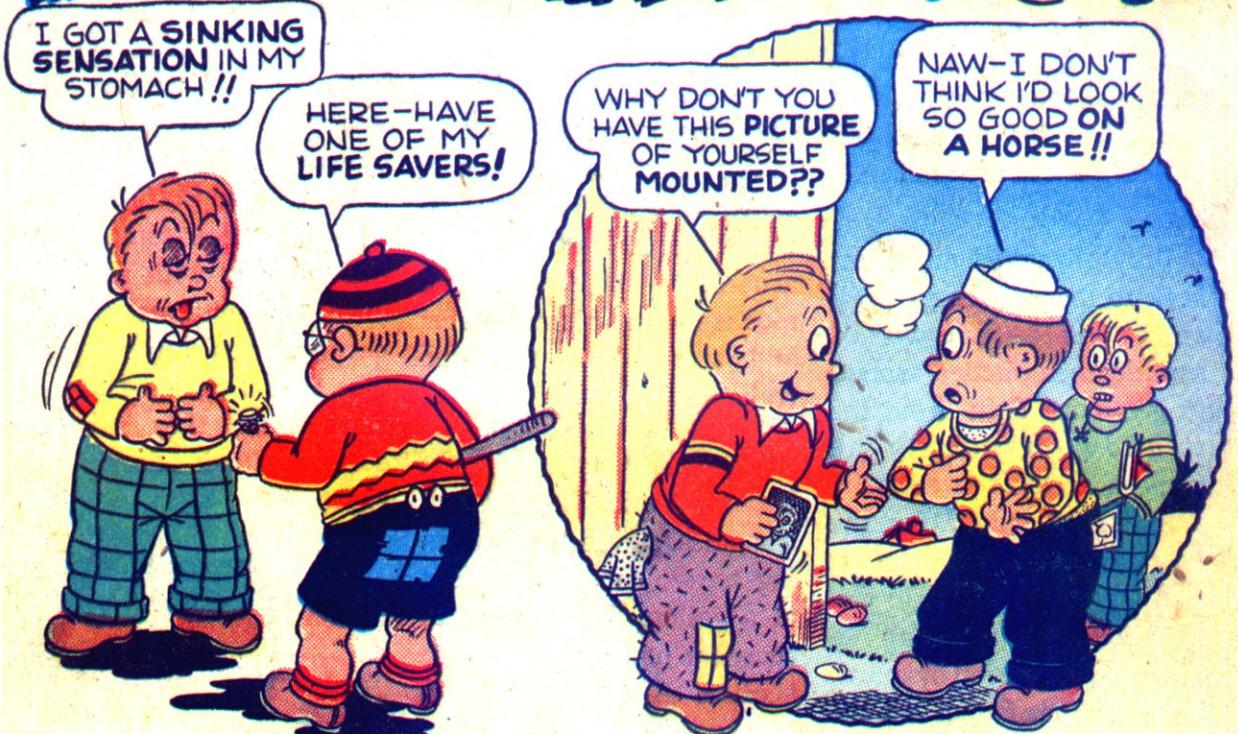
"Heck, no, I ain't your helper! The kitchen ain't no place for a rider, is it, boss?" Billy turned to the owner for corroboration.

"No, Billy, you're top hand again!" the owner said.

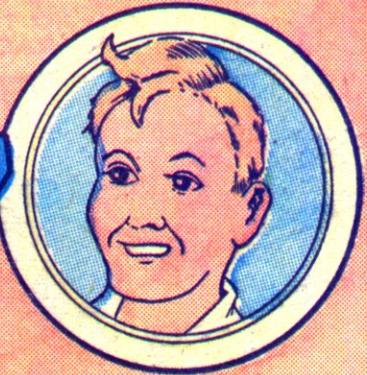
Cotton punched Billy on the arm and winked at him. "That limp o' yours don't fool me no more."

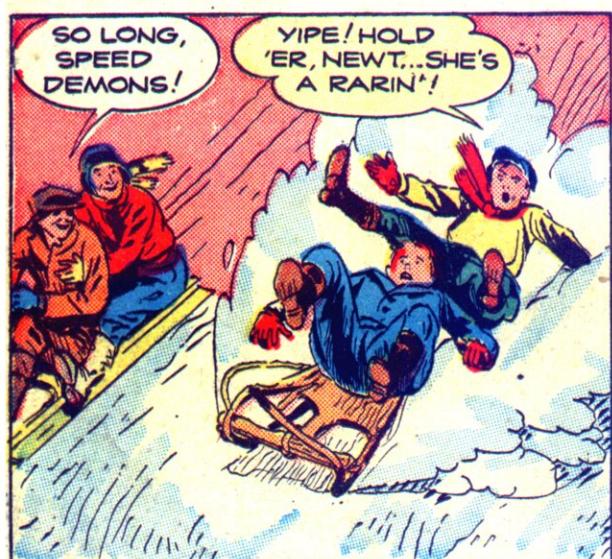
The End.

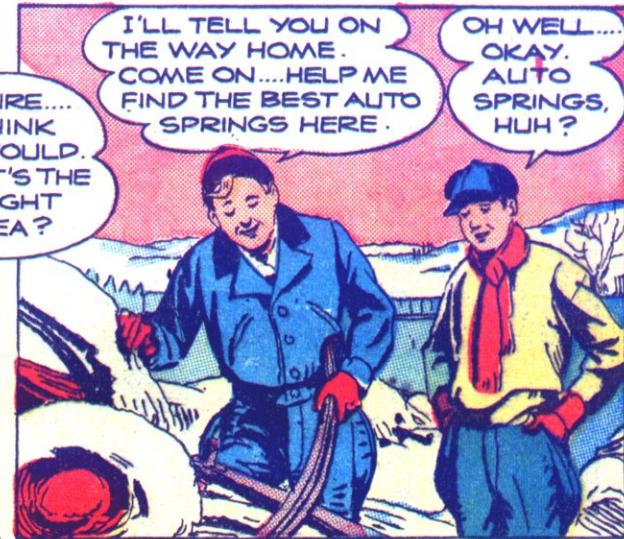
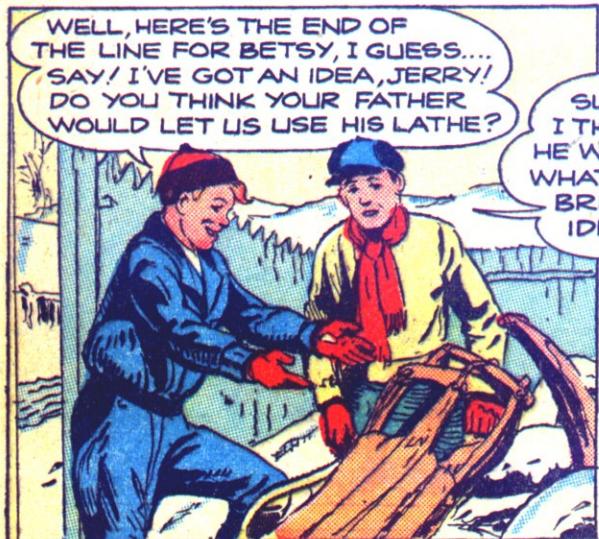
# BLUE BOLTS and NUTS



# Edison Bell







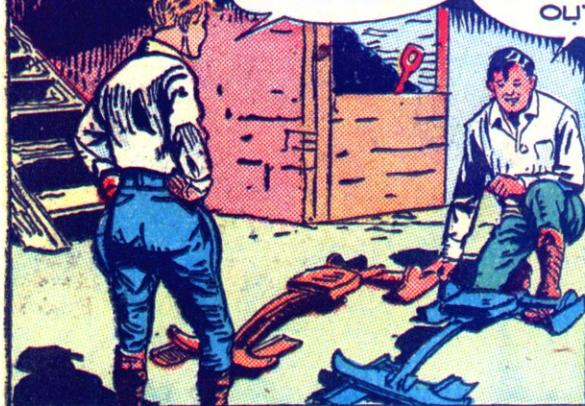
NEXT MORNING...

PRETTY NICE-LOOKING ARTICLES, AREN'T THEY? I WONDER IF THE PAINT'S DRY?

IT IS... I TRIED IT. COME ON... I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY THEM OUT!

IT SNOWED AGAIN LAST NIGHT, ED.... IT WILL BE HARD TO SPOT THE BUMPS ON THE HILL!

DON'T WORRY, PAL! THESE BABIES ARE MEANT TO IGNORE BUMPS!



WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE!

WHAT KIND OF THING IS THAT?

TUT-TUT, NOW, MEN! NO JEALOUSY! WE MAY LET YOU HAVE A RIDE ON THEM!



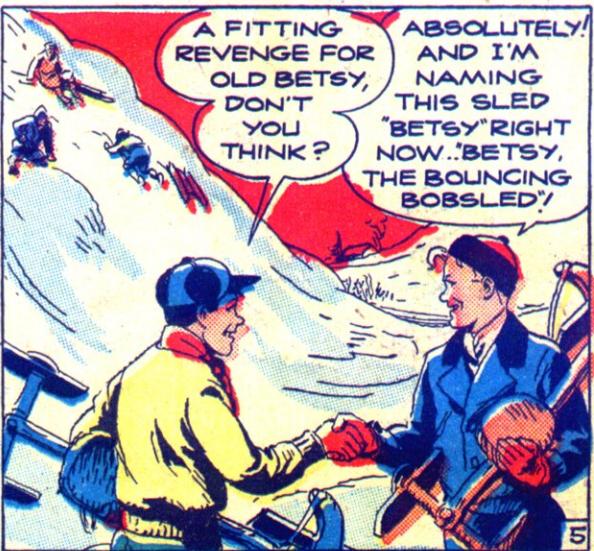
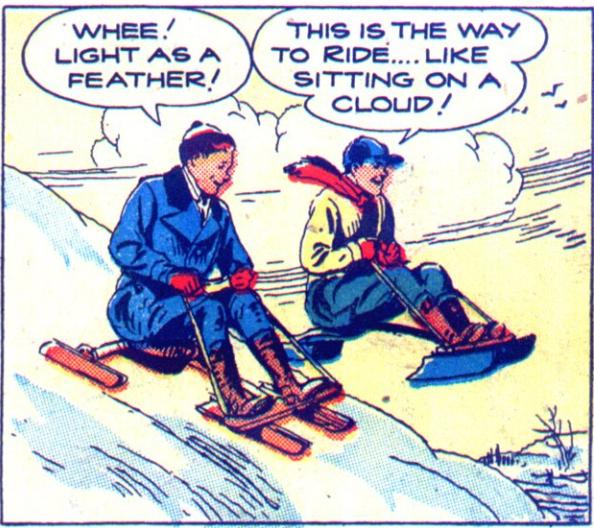
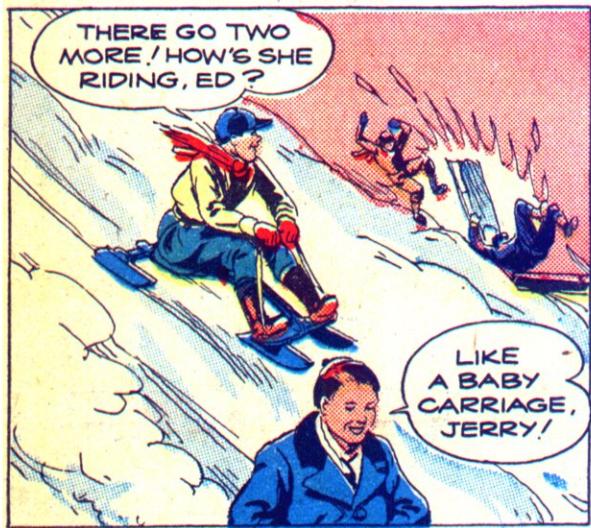
EVERYBODY READY?

YEP! LET'S GO! THIS SHOULD BE FUNNY!

READY... GET SET....



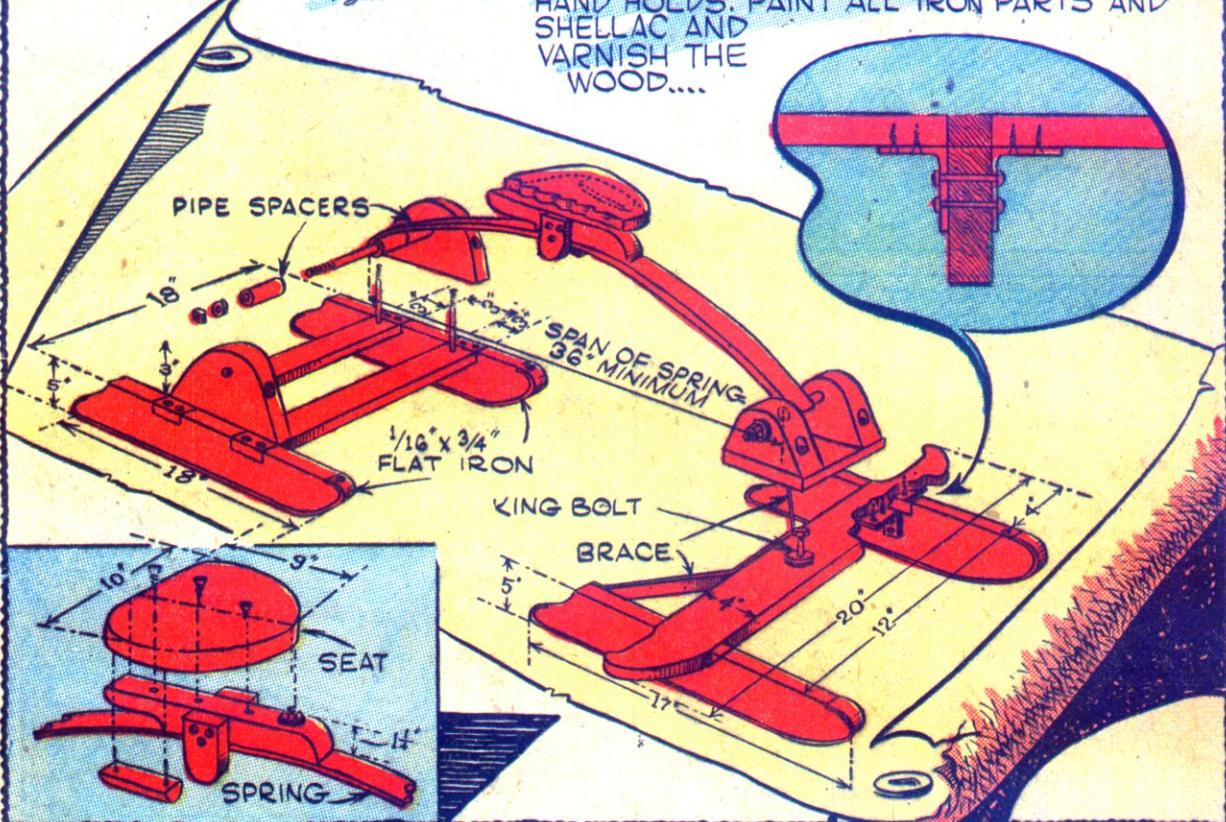
QUESTION No. 12. Is "For Whom the Bell Tolls" a novel about France, Spain or Russia?



# Airflow Springsled

easy to make

USE THE MAIN LEAF OF AN AUTO SPRING AND MOUNT ON IRON-SHOED RUNNERS AS SHOWN. SPACE THE REAR RUNNERS WIDER APART TO KEEP THE SLED FROM UPSETTING. A KING BOLT FASTENS THE SEAT TO THE SPRING AND NARROW CLEATS UNDER THE SEAT PROVIDE HAND HOLDS. PAINT ALL IRON PARTS AND SHELLAC AND VARNISH THE WOOD....



BLUE BOLT

# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



STILL IN RIO DE JANEIRO AFTER  
COMPLETING AN ASSIGNMENT  
FOR *GLIMPSES*, THE PICTURE  
MAGAZINE, BLUE BOLT RECEIVES  
A CABLE FROM HIS BOSS...

LEMME SEE! WHAT  
IS IT? A BONUS AND  
A MONTH'S VACATION  
FOR THAT NIFTY  
JOB WE PULLED?

HARDLY!

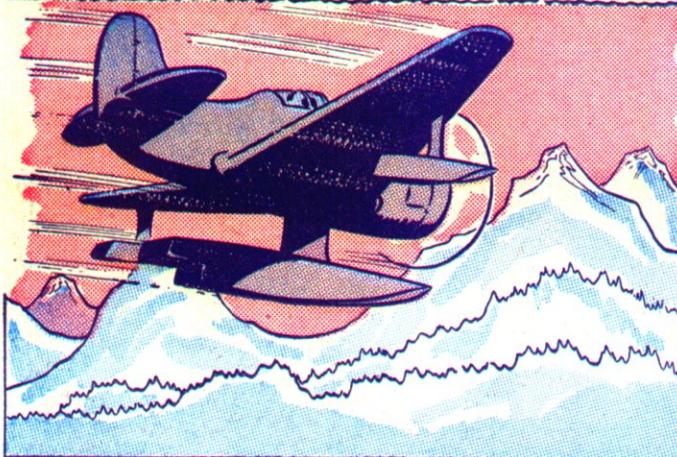


SOME CLEAR  
MOUNTAIN AIR  
IS JUST WHAT  
WE NEED,  
SNAP!

CABLE

BOLT  
FOLLOW THIS TIP STOP HERMAN  
VON BUTZ NOTORIOUS NAZI WAR  
CRIMINAL AND CONCENTRATION  
CAMP BUTCHER REPORTED  
HIDING OUT IN PUZACA A LITTLE  
TOWN IN THE ANDES STOP  
HURRY STOP  
MAC REED

**A**N HOUR LATER, THE GLIMPSES PLANE WINGS TOWARD THE ANDES.



EN ROUTE YOU CAN READ ME THE CLIPPINGS THE CONSUL GAVE US ON VON BUTZ.

YEAH.. VON BUTZ WILL BE HIDING OUT UNDER A PHONY NAME, AND HE WON'T ADMIT WHO HE IS.



TO FIND HIM WE HAVE TO KNOW HIS APPEARANCE, AGE, HOBBIES .... EVERYTHING.

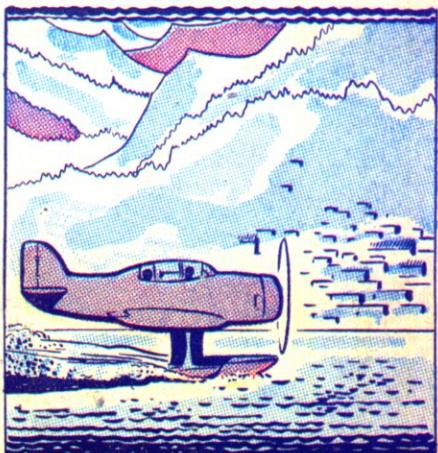
HMM.. THERE AINT MUCH PERSONAL DESCRIPTION HERE.. MOSTLY ACCOUNTS OF HOW MANY PEOPLE HE KILLED!

BUT IT DOES SAY HIS BIG HOBBY IS MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

THAT ISN'T MUCH TO WORK ON, BUT IT HELPS.



**F**INALLY, BLUE BOLT LANDS AT PUZACA, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS..



AT THE VILLAGE INN...

GRACIAS, SEÑOR!

ARE THERE ANY FOREIGNERS ABOUT, SEÑOR, WHO LIKE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING?

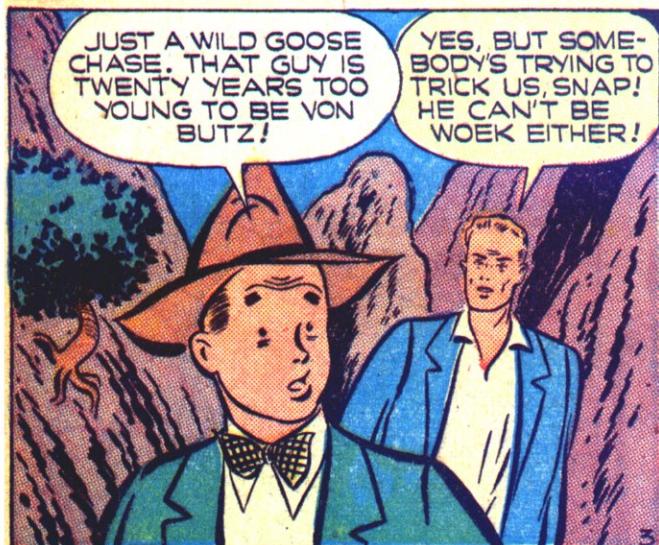
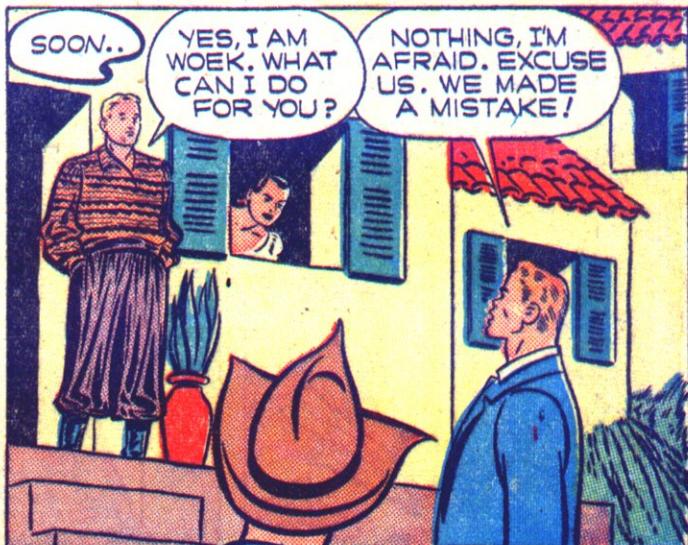


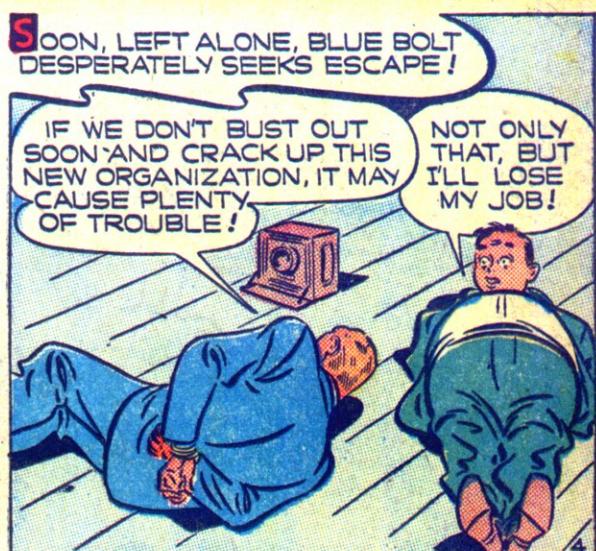
SI, THERE IS A NICE OLD SWISS GENTLEMAN WITH A MUSTACHE. ALWAYS HE CLIMBS THE MOUNTAINS!

SWISS, EH ? WELL, COULD BE...

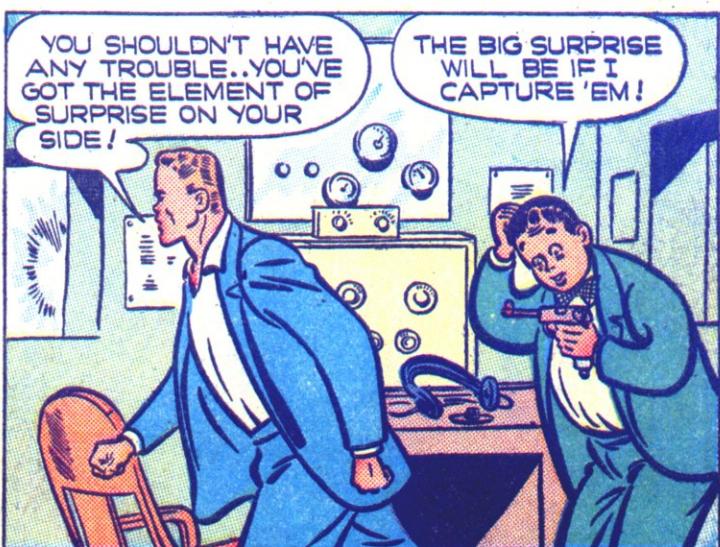
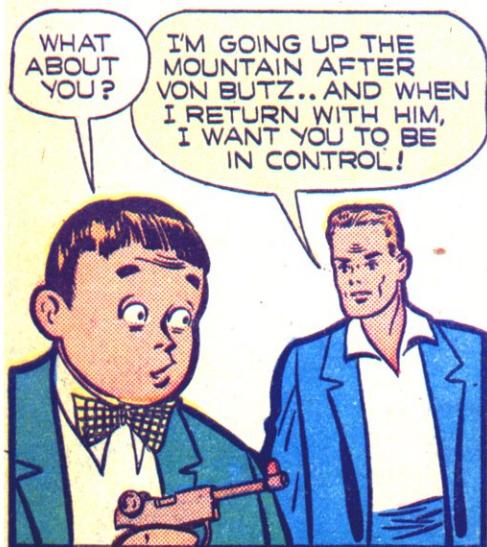


**Q**UESTION No. 13. **What name is given to a state in the Swiss Confederation?**





QUESTION No. 14. Will you have any trouble finding the name of a Biblical figure in picture 7?



**S**OON, BLUE BOLT IS HIGH UP THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINSIDE!



**A**FTER HOURS OF RUGGED CLIMBING, BLUE BOLT SIGHTS HIS PREY!





ENRAGED BY THE MENACE  
TO HER YOUNG, THE MOTHER  
CONDOR ATTACKS VON BUTZ!



VON BUTZ TOPPLES INTO  
THE ABYSS!



# Sergeant Spook

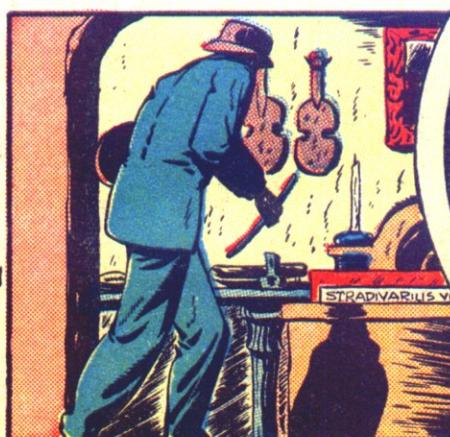
WHEN A PRICELESS STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN IS SWITCHED FOR ANOTHER, EQUIVALLY PRECIOUS, MUSEUM OFFICIALS GET HEADACHES .... and .... SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY TANGLE WITH CLEVER CROOKS IN ....

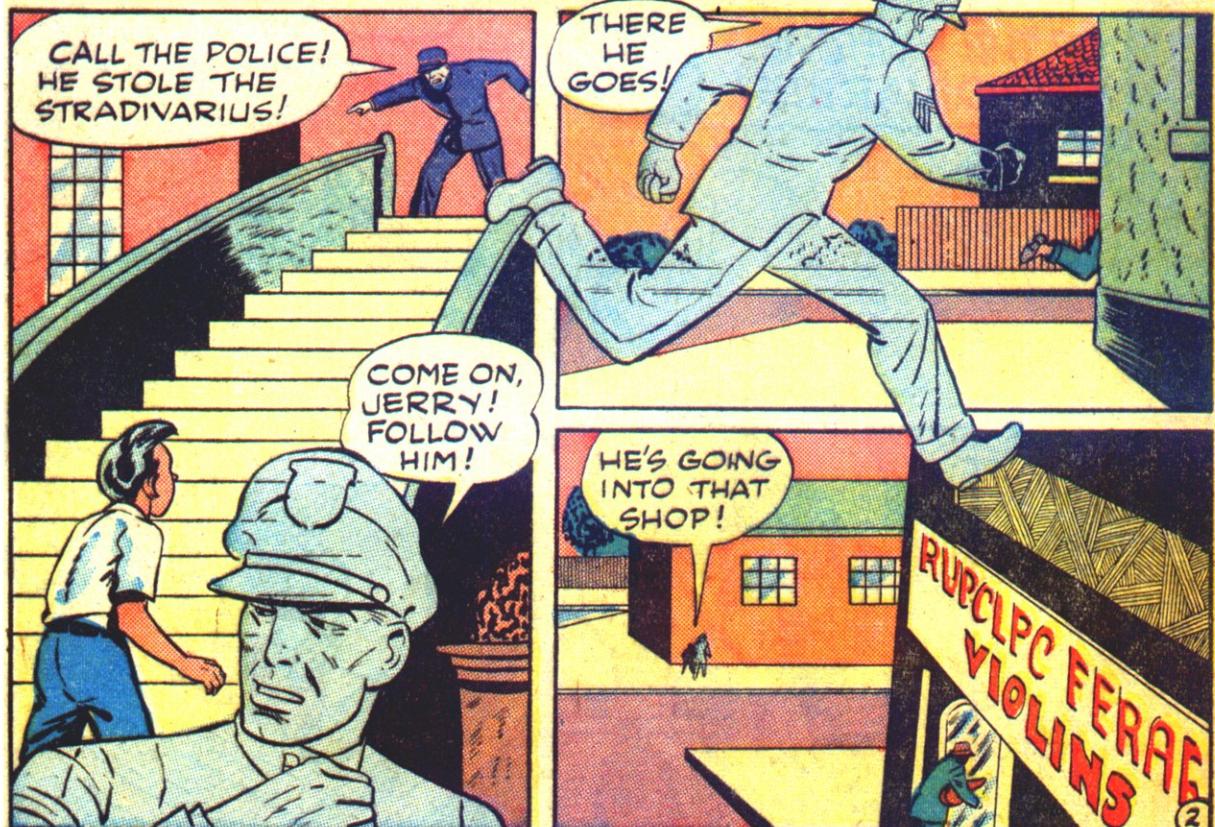
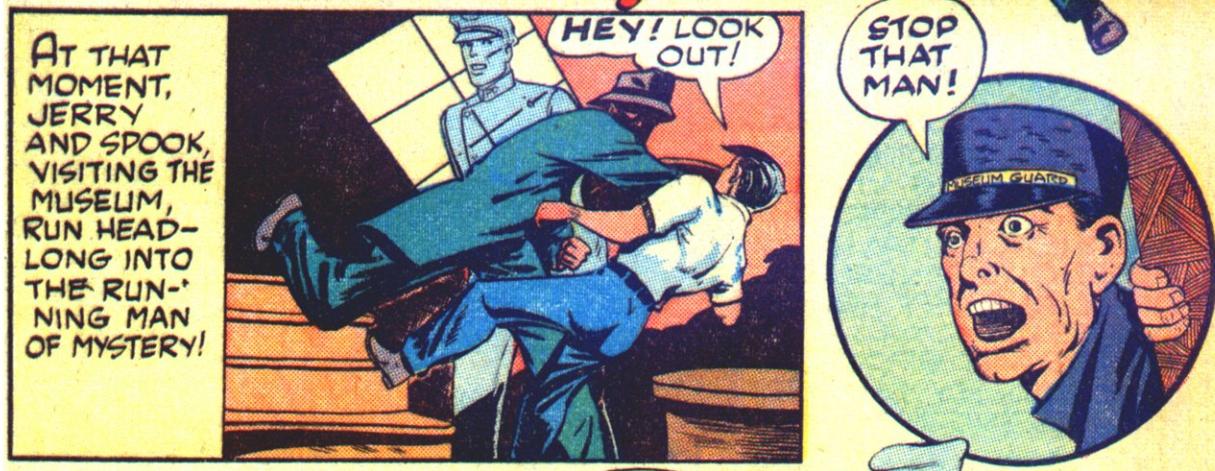
THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWITCHED STRADIVARIUS!

ART BY  
DON RICO

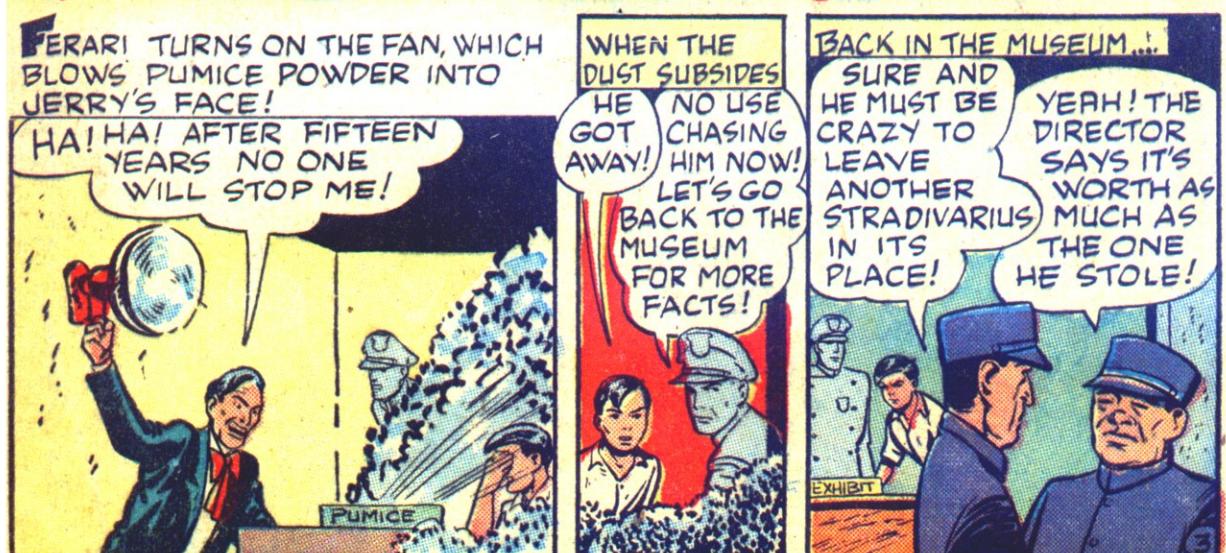


A QUIET HOUR IN A GREAT MUSEUM... AND A SINISTER FIGURE SLINKS INTO A ROOM WHICH IS A REPLICA OF THE WORKSHOP OF STRADIVARI.





QUESTION  
No. 15. Cremona, Italy, is historically famous for what product?



A NSWER: World-famous violins were made there in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries.

No. 15.



QUESTION No. 16. Can you find the name of one of Columbus's ships on this page?

I HAVE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN IT! AH! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR THAT FORMULA NOW!

YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD, SIGNOR!

LOOK AT THIS VIOLIN! BAH!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK...

AH, NO! FOR MANY YEARS I'VE BEEN MAKING VIOLINS IN GHOST TOWN!

NOT ONE OF THEM WOULD I PLAY! WHERE IS THE COLOR...? THE TONE?

ALAS! FOR 209 YEARS I'VE BEEN MISERABLE! WOULD THAT I HAD THAT INSTRUMENT NOW!

GEE! WE MUST BE GETTING BACK! IT HAS BEEN PLEASANT SEEING YOU AGAIN!



ONCE AGAIN SPOOK AND JERRY ARE UNINVITED GUESTS AT THE VIOLIN SHOP... BUT, UNKNOWN TO THEM.....

YOU SEARCH THIS ROOM... I'LL CHECK THE FRONT!

OKAY, SPOOK!

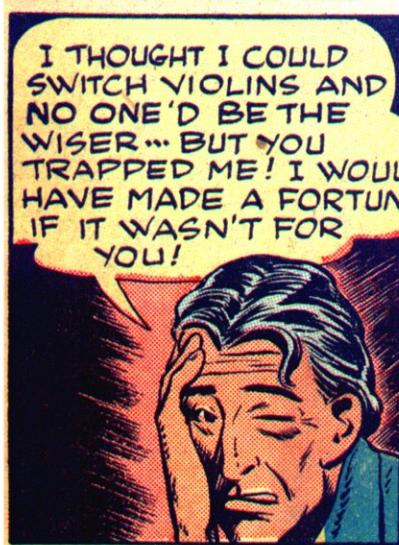
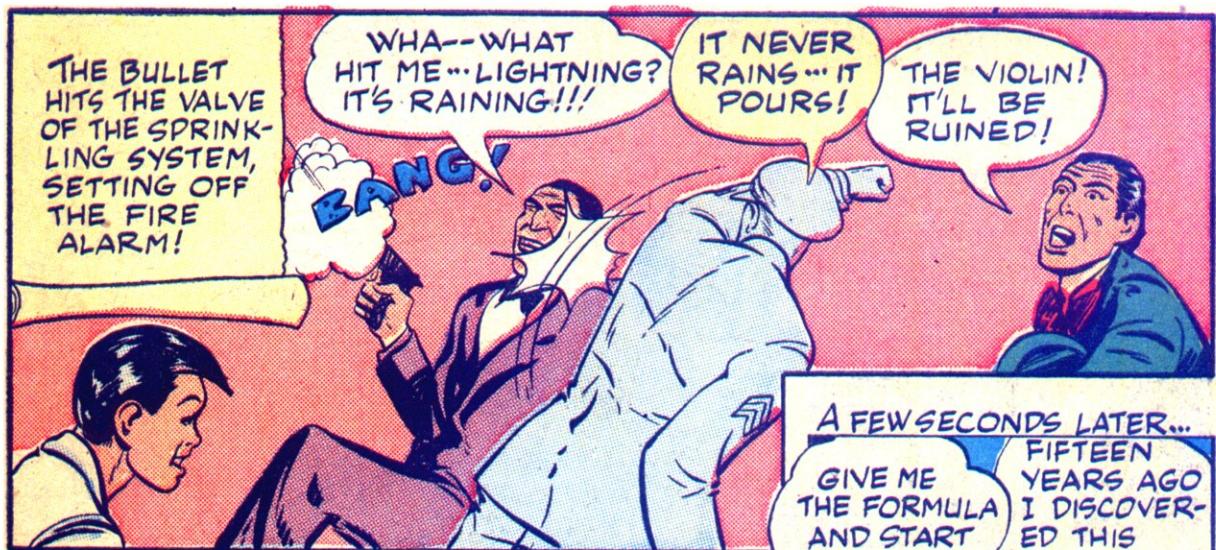
KEEP QUIET, KID! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL DRILL YA!

ULP!



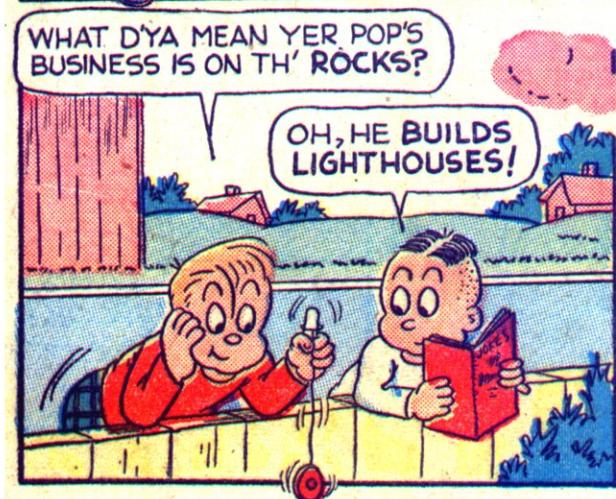
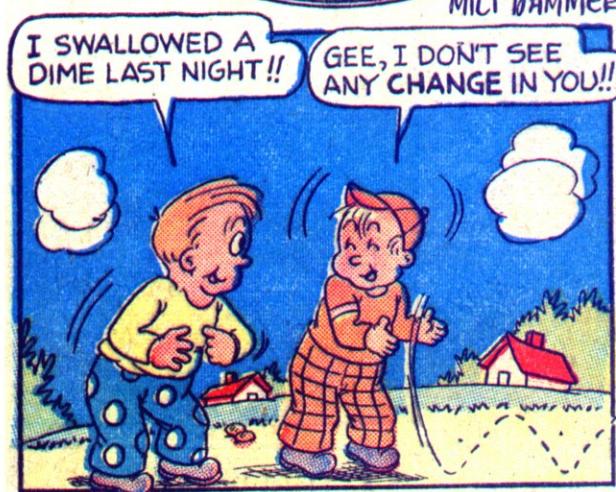


QUESTION No. 17. The late Fielding "Hurry-up" Yost was long connected with what university?



# BLUE BOLTS and NUTS.

by  
MILT HAMMER



GOT SICK EATIN' EGGS,  
HUH? TOO BAD !!!



# TWO-TON O'TOOLE

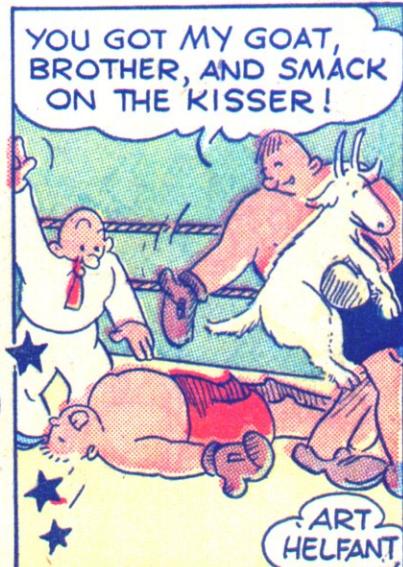
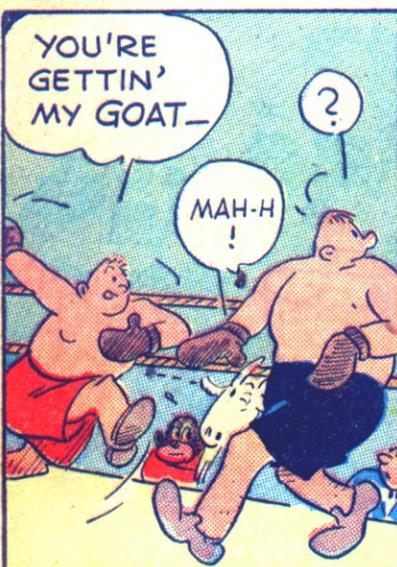
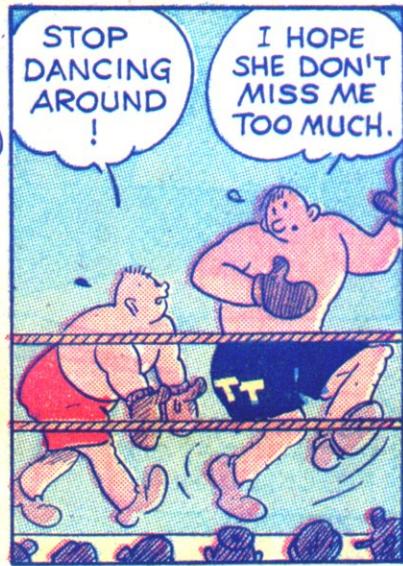
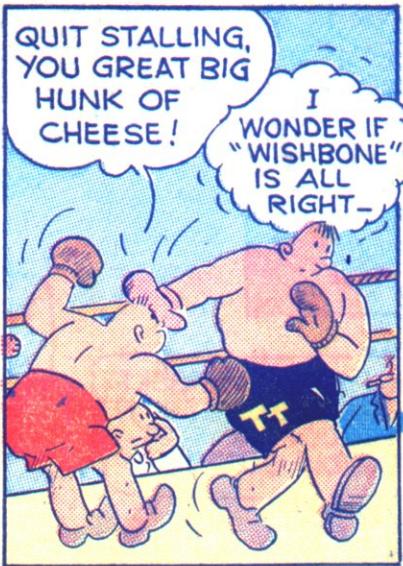
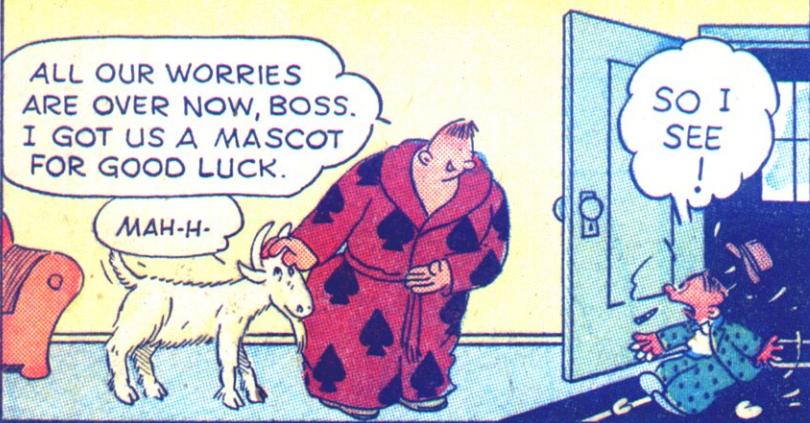
ALL OUR WORRIES  
ARE OVER NOW, BOSS.  
I GOT US A MASCOT  
FOR GOOD LUCK.

MAH-H-

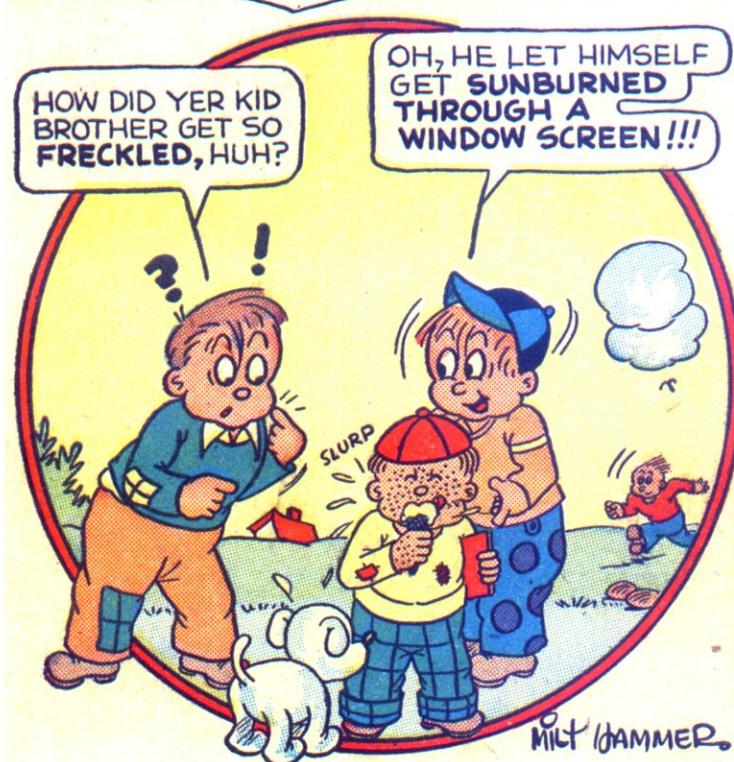
SO I  
SEE !

GET RID OF  
THAT NANNY  
GOAT BEFORE  
I TOSS YOU  
BOTH IN  
THE LAKE -

BUT, BOSS,  
BASEBALL  
TEAMS HEV  
MASCOTS  
WHY CAN'T  
I ... ?



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



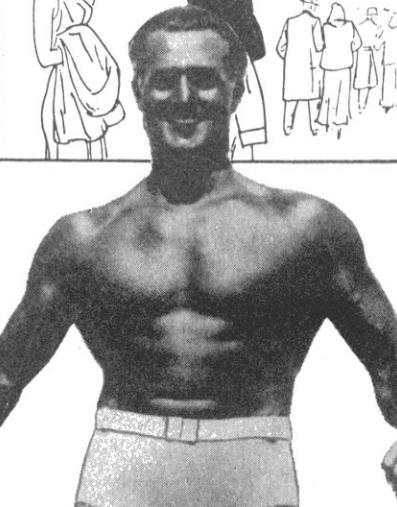
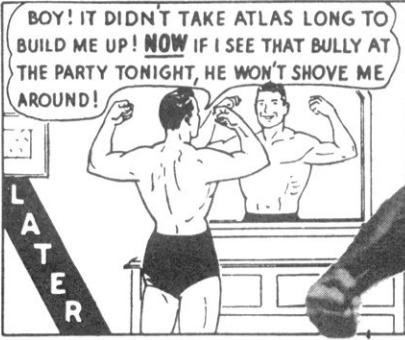
MILT HAMMER



BLUE BOLT



# HOW "JACK THE WEAKLING" SLAUGHTERED THE "DANCE-FLOOR HOG!"



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too — in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength. Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 1073  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



actual photo of  
the man who holds  
the title, "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

Charles  
Atlas

### CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1073

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name: ..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address: .....

City: ..... State: .....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

# Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

DAISY'S  
RED  
RYDER  
CARBINE



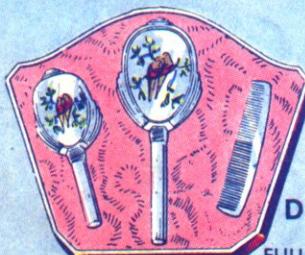
HEY  
FELLOWS!

This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.



FALCON CAMERA  
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



DRESSER  
SET

FULL SIZE Comb,  
Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed,  
beautifully decorated. Sell one order.

of American seeds

PEN &  
PENCIL  
SET



A really  
good Foun-  
tain Pen and matching  
Automatic Pencil. Sell  
one order.

STURDY AXE,  
with  
Leather  
Sheath. Attaches  
to belt.



Boys! Here's a  
husky axe of reg-  
ulation size, in a  
leather sheath. Sell  
one order of seeds

COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of

American  
seeds



Famous  
"Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller  
Skates for Boys and Girls.

Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

Sell one order.

OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



A big, husky  
HUNTING KNIFE,  
with Leather Sheath.

Has serrated edge,  
bottle opener.

Sell one order.

ROY ROGERS GUN  
WITH HOLSTER SET AND  
12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

Republic  
Pictures Star.



Boys! Get  
this big, all-  
metal repeating  
Cap Pistol with  
Holster and Lari-  
at. It's a re-  
production of  
ROY ROGERS'

own Gun, with clicking ham-  
mer and twirling cylinder.  
Fires roll caps. Sell one order  
of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



Roy  
Rogers  
"King of the  
Cowboys"

## MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

shown in our  
big prize sheet,  
GENE AUTRY

GUITAR  
BRACELETS  
BIBLE

OVERNIGHT BAG  
POOL TABLE  
ALARM CLOCK  
POCKET WATCH  
ARCHERY SET

OUR  
29th YEAR

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 434, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,  
DEPT. 434 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and yet my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. Box  
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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_